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Art. I. *The Life of Cardinal Ximenes.* By the Rev. B. Barrett, 8vo.
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IT is a very rational delight that we receive in beholding the skeletons of Mammoths, the horns of the ancient Irish stag, and other relics of the same order. They delight us because they are grand, and because they were of a race now extinct.

It is for both these reasons that we are pleased with a plain and true history of a statesman like Cardinal Ximenes. It would seem that nations should endeavour to be content, if it has fallen to the lot of each of them to be favoured two or three times, at the very utmost, in the lapse of many centuries, with a predominating director of its affairs any thing like him, a man of capacity to master even with ease the greatest and most multiplied concerns, and of an integrity that defies all temptations. And, indeed, if the merits of nations were to be judged by any severe rule for ascertaining in a collective estimate the measure of the love of justice prevailing in any of them, it might perhaps be found that they deserve such managers of their affairs just as seldom as they obtain them. With respect, at least, to the country of Ximenes, which has never had such an administrator since, it will baffle all calculation to make even a guess how long it will be before it will deserve to 'see his like again.'

Nor did it very eminently deserve such an acquisition when Francis Ximenes, of Cisneros, was born, in the year 1437, at Torrelaguna, a small town of Spain, in the province of New Castile.' We are told he was of honourable though not

wealthy descent. The circumstances of his parents were such that in pursuing the study of the civil and canon law, in his early youth, he deemed it his duty to support himself by means of giving instruction to his fellow-students. He went to practise in the ecclesiastical court at Rome; but there soon determined to enter into the church, which his parents had always wished. By the authority of a brief from the Pope, he returned into his native country to take possession of a benefice just become vacant, but which the Archbishop of Toledo had already bestowed otherwise. The indignant prelate was powerful enough to feel himself above all hazard in throwing the intruder into prison, where he suffered a rigorous confinement of six years. Though sometimes dejected, he maintained his claim with invincible pertinacity, so that, in despair of moving him, his persecutor at last suffered him to recover his liberty, the first use of which was to exchange his ecclesiastical situation for another beyond the jurisdiction of the Archbishop. In the quiet scene of his office he devoted much time to the study of 'the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages, and the scriptures.'

'He now laid the foundation of that biblical knowledge, for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished; and what was of still more importance, of a true spirit of piety and devotion. The perusal of the sacred text made so deep an impression upon him, that he lost all relish for the acquisition of other science; so much so, that he used to say to his friends, that he would willingly exchange all his learning in the law for the explanation of a single passage in scripture.'

The omens of approaching honour and advancement began to shine into his obscurity; but he was so little captivated by them, that he determined on a much more recluse mode of life, relinquished his emoluments, and entered into a convent of the Observantines, the strict and austere branch of the Franciscans. Our Author's creed and church will be inferred from the manner in which this is related and commented upon.

'The spirit of prayer and piety had quite estranged him from secular ties; and he panted for a retirement in which he might bid adieu to them, and all their embarrassments. His soul was too great for less than perfection; and he wished, in the spirit of the Apostle, to serve his God without solicitude. The end for which man is created is the love and service of his Maker. To perfect and facilitate the practice of this duty, was the object of the institution of religious orders. They were designed for asylums of piety and virtue. To enter them with motives of improving in these acquirements, was highly to be commended. For, if God and heaven are the noblest ends of pursuit, to embrace a state in which those solely should be attended to, was certainly making one of the nearest ap-

proaches to perfection. God must look with complacency upon such self-devotion in human frailty.'

After a severe novitiate, he made his profession, at so advanced a period of life as the 46th year. The reputation of his sanctity and wisdom brought so many persons to consult him, that, really and sincerely intent, as we do not doubt, on retirement, he obtained permission to remove to a less accessible convent near Toledo, secluded in a grove of chesnut-trees.

'The silence and solitude of the place enabled him to give full scope to exercises of piety. After complying with the injunctions of his rule, he made it a custom to take a scripture into the woods, and either kneeling or prostrate, paused some time in meditation upon it. He chastised his flesh with the discipline, the hair-cloth, and perpetual fasting, and indulged as little sleep as was necessary to sustain his existence in so penitential a career.' p. 19.

He constructed a hut with his own hands in one of the obscurest recesses of the wood, and there passed many successive days in solitude. After a year, he removed according to a custom of the Franciscan discipline, to another convent, where 'his sole repasts consisted of boiled vegetables and water, and he at all times wore a hair-cloth.'

'His whole deportment being so exemplary, he was, upon the occurrence of a vacancy, unanimously chosen guardian of the community. He refused the office: the spirit of obedience, however, induced him to accept it.'

From this situation he was soon transferred, and without any intervention of the marvellous, to the court of the celebrated Ferdinand and Isabella, by an appointment to be the queen's confessor, by the intelligence of which he was 'surprised and hurt,' as 'he dreaded being drawn from his retirement.' This was in his fifty-fifth year. The office included much more than the duty of giving spiritual instruction, for the queen expected her confessor to be qualified for consultation on the most important and perplexed affairs of the government; but her wonder could hardly have been less than her satisfaction to find the competence of her new director so far surpassing every thing that could have been supposed attainable by a spiritual recluse.

His order, not long after, made him their Provincial. On taking this office, he resolved to fulfil, without delay, its duties, by a visit of inspection to all the convents thus placed within his jurisdiction. He chose a monk of a hardy constitution for his companion; and there is an amusing description of the style and state with which the official progress was performed.

‘ They took a mule, which conveyed what scanty allowance of apparel they had provided for themselves. Sometimes the companion rode; Ximenes never rode except when compelled by indisposition. They both begged as they went along. In this employment, the companion was, of the two, far the most successful. Ximenes, indeed, seldom succeeded; so that, when he undertook to beg, after spending the whole day in walking from door to door, they were seldom provided with a better repast than a few boiled vegetables. For this reason Ruyz used to entreat him to rest, when he was much fatigued, and leave the charge of begging to him, saying, “ Your Reverence is going to famish us: you are little adapted to this business. God imparts to each one his peculiar gift: meditate you and pray for me; and suffer me to beg for you.” At other times he would say, “ Your Reverence is made to give and not to ask.” The humility of Ximenes, it seems, could most zealously condescend to this demeaning office, but his spirit appears to have been little disposed to use the necessary importunity of it.’

It was to be expected he would find the order, for the state of which he was now become responsible, over-run with gross and inveterate abuses; and he made the first grand public display of his commanding character in that combination of address and conscientious audacity by which he effected a great reform in spite of all the enemies, some of them formidable ones, that such a design could not fail to raise in resistance to him.

Between the indispensable labours of his ecclesiastical offices, and those duties and austerities of private devotion and discipline of which he remitted as little as possible, he had as little time as he seems to have had disposition to play the part of courtier and sycophant. And it would really appear that no man ever had a more invincible distaste to its amusements, its pleasures, its pomps, and its honours. There seems to be decisive evidence to the prodigy that these sovereign enchanters gained nothing upon him by the progress of time, and the rapid accumulation of distinctions, successes, flatteries, emoluments, and power. We are forced to believe, in substance, that he never liked the splendours of his fortune, at any of its stages, and that he would have been glad, at any time, had a sense of duty permitted, to have rid himself of them all; so invincible was the possession which the ascetic spirit had taken.

The portion of time surrendered to the queen was limited to her most indispensable claims, and the counsel he gave her was devised on any other calculation than that of making his presence soon again necessary to royalty. It was therefore by any other influence on earth than that of haunting, adulatory obsequiousness, that his way was soon opened to the primacy of the kingdom, the archbishopric of Toledo, one of the first dignities in the Catholic world; his acceptance of which was refused and

delayed for many months, till a peremptory mandate was obtained by the queen from the Pope.

All this was naturally so unintelligible to the people of church and state around him, that it was pardonable in them to be quite out in their calculations as to the manner in which he would acquit himself in his new capacity.

‘It was conceived that Ximenes, being regardless of his promotion, and so little interested, might easily be induced to part with a portion of his revenues for the benefit of the state, or some other desirable object; but little did they know his character who indulged such suspicions. Though he had been averse to accept the archbishopric, when he was invested with it he had no idea of sacrificing its rights. He was the legitimate disposer of the revenues, and as such he was determined to act. This was one of the first instances in which he displayed one of the main features of his character, the spirit of a just independence. Justice, indeed, seemed his favourite virtue.’ p. 37.

The extensive power and vast affluence of his high station had no beguilement strong enough to seduce him in even the slightest degree from the austerity of his habits.

‘His diet was sparing, his apparel the religious habit, his couch a pallet, or the bare ground. To conceal this mode of taking his repose, he never permitted a domestic to enter his apartment when he retired, or when he rose, and regularly opened his bed, as if he had been in it. His habit he used to mend with his own hands. After his death, every requisite for the purpose was discovered in a little box, of which he constantly kept the key. He at no time wore linen. He never permitted gold or silver to be used at his table; and at his repasts heard a lecture from scripture, or some book of piety. All tapestry was removed from his apartments. He performed his journeys on a mule, or on foot, attended by some of his Religious. He was assiduous in the exercise of prayer. Besides the daily recital of his breviary, which must occupy at least the space of an hour, he every day spent in his oratory some time in private devotion. He even found intervals for study. Scripture was his frequent subject of meditation. To the recital of his breviary he was so attentive, that when once he had begun it, however pressing the business, no one dared interrupt him. His charity to the poor was extreme: he distributed to them the half of his revenues, which amounted to the yearly sum of two hundred thousand ducats.’

His expedient for preventing a needless protraction of discourse, on the part of persons introduced to him, was sufficiently unceremonious.

‘Not to be unnecessarily interrupted by visitants, on a table before him he kept a Bible open. He heard their addresses, and replied attentively: if they said more in return, he answered, if the

conversation was matter of business: if not, he resumed his reading.' p. 47.

One of his greatest and most favourite undertakings was the formation of a university at Alcala. To this his attention diverted with ardour at every interval allowed by the numerous concerns of the church and the nation; and its constant and rapid progress, on a magnificent scale, contributed, during the whole remainder of his life, to animate and console him amidst the toils and grievances of his public employments. Here he had a place where he could verify, in the most decided manner, the efficacy of his influence; to which he would send, with a certainty of the best training, the most hopeful portion of the youth; where he was gratified to be able to assemble in one repository the labours of the learned, and the remarkable productions of nature, the manuscripts of the east, and the arms and the idols of the newly discovered western world. It was here too that the project was prosecuted and accomplished which excited his zeal above all other objects, the compilation of the Polyglott Bible, celebrated under the denomination of the Complutensian, from Complutum, the Latin name of Alcala. As he was sixty-five when it was begun, he might well be earnest in inculcating diligence on his company of labourers.

'He was beyond description eager to accelerate the work. He was ever urging his learned society to dispatch, saying, "Hasten, my friends, lest I fail you, or you fail me, for you need such patronage as mine, and I equally want assistance such as yours." By these exhortations, and the most liberal encouragement, he rendered them assiduous to their occupation. In 1502 the work was begun, and in 1517 the impression was printed off. So arduous was the toil as to occupy the space of fifteen entire years.

'Ximenes, upon hearing of the completion of this great undertaking, was overjoyed. "My God," he exclaimed, "I return thee endless thanks for protracting my life to the completion of these labours;" and turning to some of his friends who stood near him, "My friends," said he, "God assuredly has crowned many of my undertakings with success, but never did the completion of any undertaking give me pleasure equal to what I feel from this."'

Every reader capable of any noble sentiment will envy this high and devout emotion which elated the almost worn-out veteran of eighty. And it will be for every reader who has any project in hand or in design, for the service of God or of man, to hasten and urge his operations, lest the closing part of his life should be denied any measure of the joy which so sublimely animated this old man.

It gives an almost romantic air to his history to see him suspending his attention to the affairs of the church, the convents, and the synod of biblical scholars, to plan and conduct in per-

son a military enterprise. The coasts of Spain were most grievously infested by the Moors of Barbary.

‘ These infidels used annually to cross the sea, and ravage the southern coast of Spain. Ximenes justly conceived, that by taking possession of the ports and fortresses opposite the coasts, he would obviate their future incursions.’

His own indefatigable exertions, his own combinations, his own revenue chiefly, and his own influence in the appointment of leaders, at length brought this scheme, regarded at first by multitudes as fantastic or impracticable, into an actual state of efficient preparation. He embarked with the armament to maintain a general superintendence over the commanders who were to direct the detail of execution. The immediate object was accomplished in the capture of the city of Oran.—The narrative of this enterprise is perhaps the most lively portion of the volume. One instance of gross indignity and defiance offered to the Cardinal by the immediate commander of the army, a proud and fiery spirit, served only to shew, by the submission to which he was speedily brought, what a strange kind of magic there is in the energy of a comprehensive and resolute mind. Indeed the whole public life of this most extraordinary monk was a series of such illustrations, so numerous and signal, that the history grows quite marvellous by their accumulation. Any ordinary mind would have been very soon reduced to despair in the constant succession of opposition and embarrassment which he had to encounter from the anger of corrupt ecclesiastics reformed against their will, a nobility distinguished by the utmost pride of a partial feudal independence, the intrigues and animosities of several intervolved, inseparable, but rival and hostile princes and courts, and the contrivances of each of them in turn to draw upon him the hostility of the great regent of courts and princes, the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome. Nothing in his policy is more admirable than the manner in which, while firmly maintaining his purpose, he conciliated, or soothed, or eluded, or braved, this formidable authority.

The diminution of the power of Ferdinand by the death of his queen, and the consequent difficulties which soon crowded around him, rendered doubly important to him the sagacity, the vigour, and the inflexible and intrepid integrity of the Cardinal. The faithful guardian, though he would have preferred the cell of a convent, held it his duty to be always ready. At the death of Ferdinand, the Cardinal was constituted Regent, till Charles, the famous Charles V, who had been appointed by Ferdinand to succeed him, but who was then only sixteen, should proceed from Flanders to occupy the throne of Spain. Our admiration of the talents and the stern virtue of the illustrious

ascetic continues undiminished to the last; and if he did really die by poison, it was quite a natural resource of those whose malice could abhor such a man, and had tried all other modes of assailing him in vain.—The surmise is confessedly of very questionable authority.

‘The incident is thus related: the Provincial of the Cordeliers, who had received a summons to wait upon the Cardinal, met upon his road a man on horseback, who came towards him at full gallop, with his face disguised, and called aloud to him and his attendants, “Reverend Father, if you are upon your way to the Cardinal at Bos Eguillas, hasten your steps; and if, happily, you arrive before dinner, warn him not to eat of a large trout, which will be served up to him, for there is poison in it: if you arrive late, tell him that his dwelling in this world is at an end, and that the state of his conscience is now the sole concern which interests him.” At these tidings the religious company doubled their pace, and the Provincial arriving quite in dismay, and besmeared with dust and perspiration, hastened to the Cardinal’s apartment, the moment he had withdrawn from table, to relate what he had heard. The Cardinal, nowise disturbed, and feigning to give no credit to this statement, answered, “Father, if this misfortune has befallen me, it is not of to-day.” He then mentioned to him, that some months past, upon opening a dispatch which came from Flanders, he had perceived a subtle and noxious vapour rise into his head, since which time he had never felt himself in health. “Not,” added he, “that there is any dependence to be placed on this idea more than on the other. God, who governs all with so much wisdom, sends illnesses when he pleases, and as he pleases removes them: we must resign ourselves to the disposal of his providence.”—Certain, however, it is, that after taking this dinner, he was seized with a violent disorder, which was attended with uncommon symptoms. Blood flushed from his ears, and from under the junctures of his nails; and his body, emaciated as it otherwise was, with fatigues and austerities, began from this time gradually to pine away. Nevertheless, though thus reduced by languor, he still continued to direct the helm of government with uniform vigour and perseverance.’ p. 313.

Nothing could in itself be more probable than such a piece of wickedness; but those historians who do not like to admit more crimes than they can help into the picture of mankind, think that extreme old age, oppressed and exhausted by exertion and mortification, combined with the ungrateful return he experienced from the young king whom he had so generously served, may well account for his decline and death without the intervention of poison. The Flemish courtiers, among whom Charles had been brought up, had, during the whole period of the Cardinal’s regency, been labouring with the utmost industry of self-interest, corruption, and malice, to excite in the young king an aversion to a man who was constantly baffling their dishonourable schemes. Their influence had acquired by degrees such an

ascendency that Charles, on entering the kingdom, manifested a preference for measures contrary to those advised by the regent, and soon determined to put himself at his ease in the adoption of them by the dismissal of his sagacious director from his high office. A resignation of that office could not but be the earnest desire of Ximenes; but the cold and thankless dismissal, together with the practical slight of his counsel previously displayed, was perhaps too great an indignity to be received with perfect indifference even by his lofty and self-approving spirit. He soon after died, at the age of eighty-one.

He will on all hands be acknowledged one of the most signal and admirable characters in history. Justice, active, inflexible, unconquerable, universal justice, exalted and fortified by the fear of God, and never so much as modified by the fear of man, is an attribute, in a powerful and able statesman, so inestimable and so transcendently rare, that all other qualities, whether of the laudable or the censurable order, appear trifles in the most extraordinary personage in which this supreme virtue is found, and where it is exercised with such a consummate self-command, and prudence, and address, as never to defeat its purposes. This, with the grand exception of whatever relates to religion, appears to be very nearly the description of this monk of St. Francis, one of those fine and marvellous monsters that have now and then, through some anomaly in the moral system of the world, found their way to this earth.

His present historian, who is, it must be acknowledged, rather too *formally* his panegyrist, admits that in some instances the austerity of his manners, in his transactions with men, might have been a little softened without a sacrifice of his principles; but it is quite evident that the generation he was sent to manage were of a nature, for the most part, little susceptible to the influence of gentleness, and requiring that imperious vigour which alone could teach them how to value the more gracious discipline at intervals vouchsafed to them. On the common people indeed he seems but rarely to have had any considerable occasion for exercising his strength. Accustomed to submission, they found nothing new in the absoluteness of government, but very much that was new and gratifying in its equity. It was the nobility and ecclesiastics that continually put him on the exercise of his strongest faculties, and it is quite amusing to observe how long it was before they could be made to understand, even by practical proof, that it was his destiny to overpower them. No sooner had one been foiled in the attempt to deceive, or supplant, or intimidate, or subdue him, than another was coming in full confidence for the trial. They were the more emboldened to this perseverance of hostility by observing, that he was not revengeful to the vanquished; for he

appears never to have carried the severities of retribution beyond what he deliberately thought necessary to the object of maintaining the ascendancy of justice.

The ascendancy, or rather the sole existence, of the Catholic religion, was an object equally sacred; and in his formidable capacity of Inquisitor General there can be no doubt of his disposition to inflict, on the apprehended ground of duty, the plagues and horrors of his tribunal on the supreme wickedness of religious free thinking. His present biographer, who would of course have deemed this a meritorious part of his administration and character, has the discretion to avoid all allusion to it. There wants therefore a liberal, philosophic, yet seriously religious protestant historian, to place this memorable character in full light, and determine in what large degree its merit is eclipsed by that melancholy perversion of mind which could employ such an expedient as the inquisition 'for the love of God!' while, for the same reason, the expedient of communicating the Bible to the common people was *not* to be employed;—it was by Ximenes zealously condemned.

It is irksome on the mere score of intellectual dignity, to see what littlenesses the faith and church of this great personage could reduce the most elevated spirit to regard as matters of religious solemnity.

'At this period, a Religious likewise came to court, and made Ximenes a present, which he highly valued—a piece of marble for an altar stone, which he had brought from the tomb of our Saviour. It was part of a marble table, which he had despoiled in the holy sepulchre, and had obtained permission to carry away. He had divided it into six pieces, of which he had made presents to different princes of Europe, and among the rest to Pope Alexander VI., and of these pieces was the one he gave to Ximenes.

'Ximenes kept it in such veneration, that for the twelve surviving years of his life, he always had it carried whithersoever he went, by some of the Religious who attended him, that he might have the satisfaction of celebrating mass upon it.'

Very little requires to be said respecting the composition of the book. It is almost entirely confined to narrative, and clear of ambitious ornament. The language is generally correct. The authorities ought to have been assigned, at each step of the progress of the history, whereas they are only mentioned in a general way in the preface. A respectable degree of train and regular connexion is preserved.

Art. II. *The Velvet Cushion*. 12mo. pp. 185, price 5s. London.
Cadell and Davies. 1814.

THERE is so much to admire and to applaud in this little volume, the fabulous narrative is so happily enlivened by refined humour and playfulness of fancy, and the spirit of the characters is so well kept up, that had we surrendered ourselves to the predominant impression left on our minds by the perusal, we should have been inclined to speak of it as favourably as the design and talents of the Author might have deserved. We felt indisposed, as after reading a beautiful poem, to scrutinize with rigidity the quality of the sentiments and the abstract truth of the representations which it contained; and contented, for the sake of the pleasure we enjoyed, to accept all the excellence we could detach from it as a plenary compensation for the error with which it was associated. We soon discovered the Author to be a man of no ordinary genius, of sincere piety, and judging from some passages in the work, of candid intention, zealously attached to the Established Church, but, as we conceived, still more warmly attached to the great truths of Christianity. By a delusion which it is difficult wholly to avoid, the virtues and amiable qualities of the old Vicar, whose natural prejudices and predilections allied to reverend age, to a truly Christian temper, and to an apostolic simplicity of mind, serve as a picturesque shading to throw out the portrait the more and give it life, were transferred in our feelings to the Author of the volume; and we found ourselves often admiring the appropriateness of sentiments attributed to the ideal character, which, considered in themselves, we must at once have stigmatized as unjust. To men of the same class and profession in real life we are so much accustomed to pay a courteous and even forbearing deference, and to hail with unenvious and unfeigned satisfaction, every demonstration which they give of intelligent charity and pious feeling, that it required no great effort to tolerate a little want of information, and something very like bigotry in either the hero or his historian, while led on by the charm of the narrative. His object soon became evident;—to defend the National Church: and if such an attempt became easily and unavoidably, from the necessity of the case, an attack upon those who dissent from it, it awakened neither our surprise nor our resentment. We cannot permit ourselves to suspect the motives, however we may on several grounds dispute the tendency of the publication.

The outline of the work is simply this: ‘The vicar of a small parish church,’ we are told, ‘whose turrets nodded over one of the most picturesque lakes of Westmoreland, although no believer in necromancy, stood aghast one day at perceiving the

increased bulk of his velvet cushion.' This said cushion, it seems, besides the claims of a five and thirty years' familiar intimacy, possessed the charms of antiquity. It was reported to be one of the oldest cushions in the three kingdoms.

' Report said that it had seen many vicissitudes, and travelled through successive ages, that it had been swept by the tunic of a Pope's nuncio—had descended to the pulpit of one of the first puritans—had been expelled by some of the second puritans, as an impious adjunct to the simplicity of primitive worship—had risen again with the rising fortunes of the monarchy—and, after many chances and changes, had climbed the mountains of Westmoreland, to spend the years of its grand climacteric in the quiet and unambitious pulpit of the vicarage.'

Upon this venerated companion of his labours the good Vicar could often hold self-converse, and his frequent exclamation was, 'O that I could but see the history of my cushion!' Little suspecting, however, the connexion there was between this mysterious expansion of its bulk and the fulfilment of his favourite wish, it was with confusion and dismay that, 'putting his hand on it, instead of finding it yield, as usual, to his touch, he felt some resistance to his pressure.' A thousand indefinite fears of Popish conspiracy and assassination agitated his mind, but his resolution was soon taken.

'In the dusk of the evening he mustered courage to enter the church alone, to seize the supposed organ of conspiracy, and to carry it to his own study. But, when there, what was to be done with it? There was one bosom which shared all his joys and sorrows. He had a wife who was the pillar of his little fabric of worldly comforts. Their two heads, laid together, rarely failed to hit upon a contrivance for every daily emergency; and, at length, after a much longer conference than usual, it was resolved, at once and heroically, to unbowel the cushion. The solemnity may be conceived with which the aged couple seated themselves to the task of ripping up their velvet friend with a view of tearing from the womb those plots on which the destiny of the nation might be suspended. But how shall I describe the amazement and the joy with which he, and therefore she, saw inscribed at the head of a large roll of paper, which soon met their eager eyes,—“My own history.” It scarcely occurred to our ecclesiastic, that velvet cushions cannot ordinarily either think or write—for having just begun to study the new system of education, he did not know to what perfection it might have been suddenly brought. Nor did it at all occur to him, that his above-mentioned philosophisings on the cushion had been often listened to with profound attention by a thin, queer, ill-looking, dirty, retired sort of man in the next village, who was said by the country-folks to be either a conjurer or an author. The wish of his heart was granted to him—a history of his velvet cushion—and little recked he whence it came, or who was the historian. Another candle was instantly

lighted, his glasses polished, the sofa wheeled nearer to the fire, and he began to read the memoir which follows.' pp. 7—9.

In the ensuing chapters the *Velvet Cushion* gives a narrative of its own changeful history, occasionally interrupted by the comments of the aged Vicar, and the assenting responses of his good lady. The idea is happy, though by no means original: our readers may easily pursue it for themselves. We have, however, very decided objections to the construction of the work, as designed to be a vehicle for the expression of any party opinions on controverted points of grave importance. As a literary expedient, indeed, for the purpose of giving plausibility to sentiments of a doubtful nature, nothing could be better adapted. The old artifice of a dialogue between A and B, one the representative of the author, and the other a tame, unmeaning respondent, whose replies just serve to hang arguments and ridicule upon, has become too stale and palpable to be adopted by a man of superior abilities: a tale of a tub, or a tale of a cushion, would answer the same end much more effectually; only it must have been observed how easily such a weapon might be turned against the cause in which it was drawn, and the history of a Roman Catholic cushion, or a Presbyterian gown be made, in the hands of a competent writer, to serve the cause of Popery, of Dissent, or even of Infidelity. But it is on the ground of fairness that we object to such a work, and we have reason the more strongly to object to it, because it does not confine itself to the defensive. It is a masked battery which unprovoked has opened its fires alike upon enemies and neutrals;—upon all in fact without the pale of an endowed Establishment. We object to it, on account of the skilful entanglement of good and evil, of truth and error, of sentiments which command assent and admiration, and positions erroneous or absurd, which such a work was likely to contain; and however dexterous a stratagem it may be thus to line the ramparts with truths against which we dare not point our arms, intermingled with feeble and provoking assertions on the side of the enemy, such a mode of warfare is neither manly nor ingenuous.

But as both in political and literary warfare success is the test by which the generality are disposed to judge of talent and of motive, we will concede to our Author all the advantage of the plan of his work, to which his readers are certainly indebted for much entertainment. If, indeed, their entertainment were one primary object, we believe that in lieu of gravely entering upon the discussions to which this work will furnish occasion, we should do better to occupy our pages with ample quotations from it, but the importance we attach to the subject, and certain peculiar features of the work itself, dictate a notice of its

contents not less respectful to its Author. We think we shall not wrong the Church to which he dedicates this little history, if we receive the sentiments it contains as no unfavourable specimen of the average degree of information and candour, which those of its members possess, who stand most forward as the advocates of scriptural truth and practical religion, in relation to the great body of the Dissenters.

With respect to this very term 'Dissenters,' we must observe at the outset the strangely lax and indefinite sense which it has lately been found convenient to attach to it. We have been gravely referred to etymology for the meaning of a word, which, in its historical application, had no such unrestricted import. We are sorry to find our Author give into this improper mode of speaking. To confound Independents, Methodists, and Socinians, under the broad name of Dissenters, simply because they do not belong to the Established Church, may suit the purpose of a party, but it cannot certainly serve instead of argument. With equal justice might an Episcopalian be styled a Dissenter in Scotland or in Canada. We know that in vulgar language, a Protestant in many parts of the kingdom means a member of the Established Church, in distinction from a Roman Catholic, and the word Dissenter may in the same places mean nothing more than *a meeting er*. But we do not expect this want of precision from a Velvet Cushion which, dating its existence in the days of Queen Mary, must have been well-informed as to the religious body, one of no mean consideration in history, who, under the name of Protestant Dissenters, have always manifested themselves to be more Protestants than Dissenters in defence of the common doctrines of the Reformation, and the faithful depositories and advocates of those very doctrines at a time when they were no longer to be heard from the pulpits of the Establishment.

The said Velvet Cushion, after expressing a sort of lingering attachment to its native religion, and the awe and delight with which it found itself first introduced into the sacred edifice, a Catholic church, proceeds—

'The vast Gothic arches, the solemn light, the general air of majesty—all inspired the most lofty ideas of the Being to whom the temple was dedicated. And here, Sir, as I am likely to say a few hard things of Popery presently, I wish by way of set off, to remind you good Protestants, that you owe to Popery almost every thing that deserves to be called by the name of a Church. *Popery is the religion of cathedrals—Protestantism of houses—Dissenterism of barns.*'

We mean nothing disrespectful to our Author in saying that we have no doubt that when he penned this last sentence, he felt something of the satisfaction inspired by the idea of having said

a good thing. The different parts of it are so musically and antithetically disposed, that the ear is at first cheated into a belief that they include more than the Author meant to express, or the reader can detect. That Popery is the religion of cathedrals, we may be disposed to believe in a sense even more comprehensive than was intended to be conveyed. We have never attended the cathedral service without having been conscious of this impression; and while we have joined (for we have not refused to join) in the solemn service, we have felt that in point of affecting grandeur, it was only inferior, though still very inferior, to the service of the mass book. The truth of the remark has, however, been pressed upon us still more forcibly by a knowledge of the moral atmosphere which, with very rare exceptions, is found to surround a cathedral. We will not pursue the subject. The real friends of the Church, the pious members of it, must have observed, with deep regret, that *Popery* is, indeed, *the religion of cathedrals*. But in what sense Protestantism, allowing that term to designate the Episcopal Church, can be said to be the religion of houses, we are at a loss to conceive:—that very Establishment which forbids its members to assemble for public worship in *houses*;—which denounces as unlawful conventicles all houses used for religious meetings, which have not been consecrated by peculiar rites, and dignified with the name of Church. But it is obvious the Author was at a loss how to frame this branch of the contrast. To have said that Protestantism is the religion of churches, would indeed have been the truth, but that sort of truth known by the name of truism, which is to be dreaded by a writer of antitheses more than that which is false. But the point of the epigram is, that ‘Dissenterism (is the religion) of barns.’ We are persuaded that our good friend the Velvet Cushion, did not intend, in the pride of his gold tassels, to reproach Dissenters with their unoffending poverty. If, in obscure villages, where there is no temple, no sanctuary devoted to God, or none in which the poor and hungry may be fed with Divine knowledge, the simple inhabitants have been glad to meet in a barn to hear from the lips of a Dissenting teacher the words by which they may be saved,—what if there be there no gilded altar and no cushioned desk,—no Gothic arches and no deep pealing organ;—what if it were a place as rude even as that concerning which Jacob said “This is no other than the gate of heaven:”—will it be denied that that Divine presence, which gave to the second temple a glory far transcending the gold and the cedar, and even the typical Shekinah of the first, might possibly communicate to the bare walls of a barn, a sanctity which no decorations and no rites could supply? But if the Narrator means to intimate that it is characteristic of the genius of

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Dissenterism to prefer, for the purposes of public worship, barns to houses, or houses resembling barns to more convenient edifices, we must inform him that Dissenters partake too much, in common with their brethren of the Establishment, of the infirmities of human nature, not to carry their love of ease, and, in too many cases, their love of display, into the circumstances of religion : or if, in any cases, they have manifested a contented preference for the rude and incommodious structures in which their poorer fathers worshipped, we are persuaded that a candid clergyman will be inclined to pardon in them an attachment founded on the same principle which binds the more favoured frequenters of arched aisles and fretted roofs, to the institutions and forms of *their* ancestors.

Nothing would be easier than to contrast with this well-sounding sentence a variety of opposite assertions. For instance; a Dissenter might say, Popery is the religion of forms; Protestantism, of services; Dissenterism, of principles :—or the devotion of Popery is that of the confessional; of Protestantism, that of the altar; of Dissenterism, that of the closet :—or again; Popery is the religion of tradition; Protestantism, of authority; Dissenterism, of reason. And as there would be at least as much truth in these assertions as in that on which we have been animadverting, it would not be difficult to give them a plausible resemblance to axioms, by representing the studious care which the Established Church has taken to render her public acts and ordinances prominent and impressive, and the stress which she lays upon external forms, while Dissenterism appears to be occupied more solicitously in awakening the principles and training the habits of her members, with less respect to time and place, to arts and modes, than Episcopacy can approve. But we deprecate all those arrogant assumptions of superiority which this style of oracular predication involves; and would content ourselves with simple statements and clear arguments, such as may become plain men and plain Christians.

We turn with pleasure from this subject to the good Vicar's remarks to his pious lady upon Popery, which are truly admirable, and breathe an excellent spirit.

"I think, my dear, it is difficult to speak too ill of Popery as a religion." "I should think it is, my love," she answered.

"It was at once," he added, "superstitious, formal, cold, and cruel. Above all, it did not teach men to fix their hopes and affections upon that Saviour who has been, my love, all our hope for near fifty years." The mention of these fifty years insured her consent to any proposition of the speaker. "And, then," said he, "the errors of the Church were perpetuated by their own practices. This blessed book," and he raised his hand, and reverently brought it down again upon the sacred volume as he spoke, "this blessed book, which

would have corrected the evil, was kept out of sight."—"Still, while I condemn the religion, I cannot but love many of the professors of it. There are no authors I read with greater delight, as you know, than Pascal and Fenelon. The one is all reason, and the other all love."

"How happened it, my dear," she asked, "that such men as these never discovered the defects of their religion?"

"They never suffered themselves," he answered, "to look after their defects. Their unbounded reverence for the Priest did not permit them to use their own judgment in opposition to his." Her own unbounded reverence for one particular Priest made this answer peculiarly intelligible and satisfactory to her. He added, "I feel disposed to condemn the temper of the present age as it respects Popery, in two points. In one party, there is too little dislike of the religion, in the other too little charity for some of those who hold it—"

* * * * *

"But, my dear, do you not think the character of Popery improved?" "Not so much as I had hoped. There is, however, one circumstance which promises a great improvement in our own country—I mean the universal diffusion of the Bible. It is like letting in light upon the owls and bats. Popery has, perhaps, too much affinity with the corruption of our nature to die a natural death; but, I begin to hope, it may be suffocated by the Bible." "Suppose, my love," said the old lady, who loved a practical conclusion to all arguments, "we now read our own chapter and go to bed."—They did read their chapter, and rose from it, as I have heard them say they always did, loving God and one another even better than they did before.' pp. 22—26.

From these extracts our readers will have conceived an affectionate veneration for the character of this good old Vicar. We should rejoice in the belief that few of them could have any difficulty in referring the leading features to some living original within the sphere of their acquaintance, that what would charm them as romance, might be read by them as true history. We cannot forbear to add the following quotation, which exhibits the radical principles, the doctrinal tenets ascribed to him, and the very sensible remarks which the Velvet Cushion subjoins on the characteristic excellencies of the Reformation preachers.

"—I will only state the three doctrines which, as by a sort of resurrection, started up from the grave of Popery, and appeared to all the city. The Reformers taught that man was a fallen creature—that he could be acquitted before God only through a reliance in Christ,—and, lastly, that God by his Holy Spirit could alone give him a new heart, and fit him for the kingdom of Heaven. These, Sir, are your own doctrines, and I the rather state them to you, because I know you will rejoice to find that you are preaching those doctrines proclaimed by your ancestors under the axe of the executioner."—The divines of those days (continued the manuscript) differed considerably from some good men now. And, if you will not think me tedious, I will state the nature of *this difference*. Your

ancestors, then, Sir, dwelt more on those important doctrines in which all agreed, and less on these minuter points on which some of them differed. They preached less controversially. They took for granted that the principles of the Bible would be the principles of their hearers. They rather asserted the doctrines than defended them : and employed themselves chiefly in shewing what sort of men these doctrines ought to make. Those Homilies, Sir, of which I have heard you read some to your flock, are an excellent sample of the divinity of the day of their birth. When I hear them I almost fancy some of my first friends risen from their graves again. There may be less head in them than in the more systematic divinity of your day ; but there is more heart, more of the careless beauty of scripture, more of that ' brave neglect ' which characterises the noble enthusiasm of saints and martyrs ' pp. 32—34.

These are sentiments to which we rejoice to give currency. We regret that any should proceed from the same pen which a sense of duty imposes upon us to mark with disapprobation.

It might perhaps be thought scarcely worth our time or attention to notice, the Author's apology for Charles 1st, whose misfortunes he represents to have been greater than his faults, was it not connected with the tissue of misrepresentation which is spread over the history of that period. We can assign no motive for the fruitless industry which has lately been exerted in varnishing up the portrait of that misguided monarch, unless we seek for it in a fearless determination to justify every thing in the book of Common Prayer, even to the extent of those occasional services with which the obsolete impiety and ignorance of a corrupt age have disfigured its pages. But History will not be made to speak the language of Romance or of Superstition. Whatsoever were the domestic virtues of Charles 1st, his public life was a series of outrages upon the laws of the realm, the principles of the constitution, and the liberties of the subject. Arbitrary, perfidious, and unrelenting, he was—if there is any meaning in the term—a tyrant : and to speak of him as having been any thing less, is to condemn the laws which he trampled on, the constitution which he in every shape violated, but which is the pride and the birth-right of every Englishman, the very basis of the throne, and under God, the security of the true religion. Are all official records and contemporary testimonies, the confessions of Clarendon, of Coke, and of Echard, the unimpeachable veracity of Burnet, to say nothing of Neale and of Whitelock, to be set aside by Sir Philip Warwick and the Velvet Cushion ? What is the character given of him by Bishop Burnet ? ' He loved high and rough measures, but had neither the skill to conduct them, nor the height of genius to manage them. He hated all that offered prudent and moderate counsels : he thought it flowed from a meanness of spirit, and even when he saw it was necessary to

follow such advices, yet he hated those who gave them. His reign both in peace and war, was a continual series of errors. He minded little things too much; and was more concerned in the drawing of a paper, than in fighting a battle. He had a firm aversion to popery: but was much more inclined to a middle way, between protestants and papists, by which he lost the one without gaining the other. At his death, he showed a calm and composed firmness, which amazed all people; and that so much the more, because it was not natural to him.' We beg leave to recommend to those of our readers who may wish for a summary of the evidence on this question, a little work written by an author whose name we almost fear to pronounce over a 'Velvet Cushion;'—Micaiah Towgood. It is entitled "An Essay towards attaining a true idea of the character and reign of King Charles the First." For our own parts, we feel very little interest in this resuscitated controversy; we have nothing staked on its issue; and we would leave those who will have him to be a martyr and a saint to the quiet possession of their understandings and consciences. Only we cannot permit ourselves to pass over in a man of real piety so flagrant an inconsistency as that of bestowing on Charles the First these sacred appellations. In what sense was he a witness to the truth? What an unwarrantable profanation is this of the honours of Christianity! Even if we allow the use of the term in conjunction with some qualifying epithet,—if he be styled a political martyr, to what principles did he fall a victim, unless to those of tyranny and lawless aggression? Neither the injustice of his death, nor any personal virtues, nor all the false splendours with which the affection or the artifice of his adherents has encircled his name, can justify from the charge of absurdity and impiety the application of the title of saint, or even that of martyr, to King Charles the First. From the lips of a Christian minister such language is revolting: it betrays a worse than pitiable weakness.

It is to the Christian minister—for we cannot be mistaken in attributing both the character and the office to the Author of the present volume,—it is to the Christian minister only that we should think it at all worth our time to make an appeal on subjects connected with the following pages. We can easily account, from other circumstances than the unlikely one of ignorance, in respect to historical details, and we can make allowance, for some misrepresentations in point of fact of the occurrences of those times. The Author evidently would court the reputation of candour. He tells us, and it is no other than the truth, that 'indiscriminate censure of the Puritans would be highly unjust.' 'They were men,' he adds, 'who had little perhaps to condemn in them, except a superstitious alarm at Popery. Their

doctrines were in general pure,—their practice correct ; and some of them were not merely among the best Christians, but the finest gentlemen of the day.' This is more than we have been accustomed to hear admitted in certain quarters : but he afterwards speaks of the *apostles of this new system*, which is described in terms so indefinite as to render it applicable to men of any character, and appropriate to none, as 'deserving the name of Puritans,' by which he would still describe them 'as little as any of their contemporaries.' For 'the Royalists' he tells us, 'though *many of them* without religion, generally retained the form. *Many* of the Puritans had neither form nor religion.' The convenient indeterminateness of the pronoun is probably meant to give the air of temperance to the statement, but in fact it answers all the purpose of indiscriminate reproach.

'The times,' he adds, 'were truly awful. In common times men sin against their principles, and then one hopes their principles may mend them. But these men rebelled upon principle,—shed royal blood for conscience sake. What, therefore, could mend them?' p.44.

We have seldom been pained by perusing in the same compass of lines, so great an aggregate of pernicious falsehood, as the thoughtlessness or the prejudice of the writer has here assembled. With what eyes must he have read the history of that period ? It is insinuated that the Puritans were the agents in the civil commotions of those times ;—that they excited a rebellion,—a rebellion, it seems, founded on religious-principles ;—that Puritanism is chargeable with the crimes and troubles of that period ;—and, to crown the whole, with the guilt of murder aggravated by the plea of conscience ! We can scarcely refrain from the strong language of indignation on recording afresh these false and bold assertions. We do not care whom the Author means to designate by the term *Puritans*, which he would thus abandon to the vulgar obloquy of the profane and the dissolute. Whoever they may be, the facts will apply to no description of persons. Rapin says, 'All those who were not 'submissive enough to the king were looked upon as Puritans, 'and frequently oppressed as such. So, by a fatal policy, men 'well affected to the Church of England, but enemies to arbitrary power, were driven, in spite of themselves, to side with 'the Puritans, in order to strengthen their party, and enable 'them to oppose the designs of the Court.'

'No man (says Lord Clarendon), can shew me a source 'from whence these waters of bitterness more probably flowed, 'than from the unreasonable, unskillful, and precipitate dissolution of parliaments, especially as the king had publicly declared, *That he would account it presumption for any 'man to prescribe any time to his Majesty for parliaments.*

In another part of his history, Vol. I., p. 184., his Lordship says, ' In the house of Commons were many persons of wisdom and gravity, who being possessed of great and plentiful fortunes, though they were undevoted enough to the court, had all imaginable duty to the king, and affection to the government established by law; and without doubt the MAJOR PART of that body consisted of men who had no mind to break the peace of the Kingdom, or to make any considerable alteration in the government of church or state.' The general temper and humour of the kingdom,' he elsewhere assures us, ' was little inclined to the Papist and less to the Puritan. The murmur and discontent that there was, appeared to be against the excess of power exercised by the crown, and supported by the judges in Westminster Hall.' Towgood, in the Essay to which we have referred, has assembled a mass of collateral evidence to the same effect, we shall quote only one paragraph more, which might seem to be decisive; and it is given with all the authorities.

' They were, therefore, gentlemen, members of the Church of England, who began the quarrel with the king, and first drew the sword against him. The Earl of Essex, the parliament's general, and whose very name raised an army, was episcopal. Lord Clarendon says of him, that he was rather displeased with the person of the archbishop, and some other bishops, than indevoted to the function; and was as much devoted as any man to the book of Common Prayer, and obliged all his servants to be constantly present with him at it. Of the admiral who seized the king's ships and employed them in the service of the parliament, the same noble historian says, he never discovered any aversion to episcopacy, but professed the contrary. Sir John Hotham, who shut the gates of Hull against the king, and was the first man proclaimed a traitor by him, he declares to have been very well affected to, and to have unquestioned reverence for the government, both in church and state: the same of Sir Hen. Vane, and of Lenthall the Speaker; and of Pym, a person of the greatest influence in the house, that he professed to be very entire to the doctrine and discipline of the church. Nay, we are told, by the same great author, that all those who were countenanced by the Earl of Essex, or in his confidence, were such as desired no other alteration in the church or government, but only of the persons who acted in it. And Mr. Baxter says, That the great officers in Essex's army were CONFORMISTS; and some of them so zealous for the liturgy and diocesans, that they would not hear a man as a minister that had not EPISCOPAL ordination. It is also known that a noted clergyman, Dr. Williams, Archbishop of

‘ York, accepted a commission from the parliament, and went
 ‘ into the army,* (and did, in person, assist the rebels, as Lord
 ‘ Clarendon expresses it, to take a castle of the king’s, in which
 ‘ there was a garrison, and which was taken by a long siege.)
 ‘ So that it is, I think, past dispute with reasonable men, if
 ‘ there was any fault in opposing the king’s measures and
 ‘ taking up arms against him, it must be imputed to the Church
 ‘ of England, for they were *first* and the *deepest* in the quarrel.’
 ‘ *Burnet’s Memor.* p. 287. *Clarend.* Vol. I., p. 223., Vol. IV.,
 ‘ p. 564., Vol. II., p. 389, Vol. III., p. 214., Vol. IV., p. 620.,
 ‘ Vol. I, p. 63, Vol. III., p. 462., Vol. II., p. 350.’

That the death of the king was either compassed or sanctioned
 by the Puritans, if by that term any religious denomination or
 body of men be intended, is an assertion equally gratuitous and
 scandalous. ‘ The presbyterians and the body of the city,’ says
 Bishop Burnet, ‘ were much against it; and were every where
 ‘ fasting and praying for the king’s preservation.’ ‘ It was the
 ‘ crime of but a few hot-headed enthusiasts, or ambitious sol-
 ‘ diers. Many of the most considerable dissenters did even
 ‘ then, when it was not so safe to do it as it is now, openly
 ‘ declared against it both in their sermons and writings. This
 ‘ is what in justice cannot be denied them,’ and Clarendon
 testifies, ‘ that the nation and parliament were most innocent
 ‘ of his death; which was the act only of some few ambitious
 ‘ and bloody men.’ Further, a solemn protest was drawn up
 and signed by about fifty of the principal presbyterian ministers,
 which was accompanied by a very bold remonstrance in a
 letter to the general and council of war, dated Jan. 18, 1648,
 and delivered to his excellency by some of the ministers. (Vide
 Towgood’s Essay, pp. 177—181.) And, finally, ‘ Doctor Lewis
 ‘ du Moulin, history professor in Oxford, who lived through
 ‘ those times, says, “ That no party of men, as a religious
 ‘ body, were the actors of this tragedy, but it was the con-
 ‘ trivance of an army; which was a medley and collection of all
 ‘ parties that were discontented; some *courtiers*, some *presby-*
 ‘ *terians*, some *episcopalians*; few of any sect, but most of
 ‘ none, or else of the religion of Hobbes; not to mention the
 ‘ Papists, who had the greatest hand in it of all.” Neal,
 ‘ Vol. III., p. 551.’

Will not the curate of St. John’s, Hackney, discover in this
 monstrous coalition of opposite sects, another coincidence to
 assist his parallel between those times and the present, and to
 prove the identity of the spirit and object which actuated the

* He was commander in chief of the parliament forces in North
 Wales.

Puritans of that age with those which now actuate the fanatical members of the British and Foreign Bible Society? Yes, doubtless; and in the next Number of the British Critic, he, or his friend Nolan, will notice with pleasure the fresh testimony which is borne by this Velvet Cushion, to the important fact, notwithstanding the schismatical and methodistical sentiments which may be found in the volume. We congratulate the Author on the honours which, we are persuaded, must await his brow. Those Puritans also made a stir about the Bible; but their only design was, we see, to subvert the Establishment. Religion was the cloak which the conspirators wore; therefore, whosoever now wears the cloak, conceals a dagger, and is to be marked as an assassin. It was upon religious principle that they rebelled against their king;—upon religious principle he was murdered. O! beware of religious principles, and keep to the peaceable tenour of established forms. Of this nature, without any forced perversion of our Author's meaning, appear, to us, to be the tendency of his remarks; and we deem them the more reprehensible, because *he knew* that insidious attempts have recently been made with malignant industry, to distort the features of the Puritan character, and to exhibit the caricature as a portrait of the spirit of modern Dissent, which is represented as the hidden spring and vital principle of the Bible Society.

We have purposely avoided discussing the political sentiments connected with this subject; but may just observe that to term the stand made against the arbitrary and illegal measures of the king, rebellion, in any sense which excludes from the word the idea of virtue and of sacred duty, betrays either a strange ignorance of historical fact, or a secret disaffection, to the constitution of our country. It was a rebellion produced by a similar cause, prompted by the same principles, and differing only in its more glorious and permanent results, that effected the Revolution of 1688. In this sense of the term, it has always been the proud distinction of Englishmen to be rebels. By such rebellion, they have achieved all that has rendered their country an object of admiration to surrounding nations, the school and the sanctuary of Europe; her very soil possessing an inherent efficacy, by means of which every one that presses it becomes free. By rebellion, if we *must* so apply the term, was Magna Charta wrung from King John; and by rebellion was our second charter, the Bill of Rights, obtained. Our Established Church herself was a rebel against the Pope;—and Luther, and Wickliffe, and Huss, were rebels;—and what is still worse, they were religious rebels;—rebelled for conscience sake, ‘and what then could mend them?’ But we protest altogether against the use of a term of so invidious and alarming a sound to loyal ears; we contend only that in all these cases it would be no

less applicable than in relation to the Puritans. As to the subject of loyalty, we beg leave to refer those of our readers whose ideas are not very definite on this point, to the luminous eloquence of a man to whom none will impute the crimes of either Puritanism or sedition. The following quotation is from Edmund Burke's 'Address to the King.'

' Attempts will be made, attempts have been made—to inculcate into the minds of your people other maxims of government and other grounds of obedience, than those which have prevailed at and since the glorious Revolution.'——' Sir, your throne cannot stand secure upon the principles of unconditional submission and passive obedience, or powers exercised without the concurrence of the people to be governed; on acts made in defiance of their prejudices and habits; on acquiescence procured by foreign mercenary troops, and secured by standing armies. These may, possibly, be the foundation of other thrones; they must be the subversion of yours. It was not to passive principles in our ancestors, that we owe the honour of appearing before a Sovereign, who cannot feel that he is a prince, without knowing that we ought to be free. The Revolution is a departure from the ancient course of the descent of this Monarchy. The people, at that time, re-entered into their original rights: and it was not because a positive Law authorized what was then done; but, because the freedom and safety of the Subject, the origin and cause of all Laws, required a proceeding paramount and superior to them. At that ever memorable and instructive period, the letter of the Law was superseded in favour of the substance of Liberty. To the free choice, therefore, of the people, without either King or Parliament, we owe that happy Establishment, out of which both King and Parliament were regenerated. From that great principle of Liberty have originated the Statutes, confirming and ratifying the Establishment, from which your Majesty derives your right to rule over us. Those Statutes have not given us our Liberties; our Liberties have produced them. Every hour of your Majesty's reign your title stands upon the very same foundation, on which it was at first laid; and *we do not know a better, on which it can possibly be placed.*' Burke's Works, 8vo. Edition, Vol. IX., p. 193—4.

It was not, we believe, for want of such counsel, but in wilful, determinate opposition to these principles, that Charles I. lost his throne, and, eventually, his life.

The connexion of resemblance and of descent which is insinuated between the Puritans and Modern Dissenters, is more broadly implied in the subsequent pages of the volume. The

Velvet Cushion becomes the purchase of an elder of a Dissenting congregation. In his new situation he soon discovers

‘ that the general contempt for forms extended itself to every thing connected with the exterior of public worship :—‘ it seemed almost a matter of indifference to my new proprietors, whether I was trampled or preached upon.’ ‘ “ My dear,” said the Vicar, “ I venture to say this was wrong. Those who insult the forms of religion, are in imminent peril of learning to despise religion itself. A man who laughed at my surplice, would soon laugh at me.”—‘ Far from despising forms,’ (he says elsewhere,) ‘ I never yet saw, nor expect to see, religion survive their destruction.’ p. 73.

We have no wish to justify every thing in respect of which Dissenters may differ from the Established Church, nor to conceal whatever mistakes or defects may attach to their discipline and modes of worship. We agree, in the main, with these remarks ; but we must observe that our Author’s meaning is not distinctly evident in speaking of the forms of religion. Are those forms alone to be sacred from insult which are established by law ? Is it any particular modifications of external solemnity which are exclusively essential to the existence of religion ? We confess that the want of a solemnity of spirit is too often lamentably conspicuous in the public assemblies of Dissenters : we wish it was confined to their assemblies ; and though in respect both to the cause and the remedy of this evil, our experience might lead us to a conclusion somewhat different from the opinion of our Author, we will not dispute the point with him : we wish only to press upon his conviction the necessity of an enlightened consistency.

Such an expression as ‘ the lusty thumps of puritanical fists,’ and others of similar contemptuous ridicule, are not quite accordant with the spirit of these remarks. But we must proceed with the history of the Velvet Cushion.

‘ When I arrived, Sir, the elders of the Church happened to be assembled to sit in judgment upon the character of their minister, against whom, I found, capital misdemeanors were alleged. He was charged with preaching a written Sermon—with wishing for a service on Christmas Day—with prefacing a sermon with the Lord’s Prayer—with suggesting the propriety of kneeling in prayer. From the tone of authority assumed by the judges, I soon discovered that they, and not he, were the real ministers of the Chapel. He was a sort of organ, of which they were to change the barrel, fill the pipes, and manage the keys at their pleasure.

* * * * *

‘ Here I supposed the matter would have ended ; but I then knew little of the facility of separation when the habit is once formed. The key stone of unity once removed, the building shivers at a mere touch. The very next day the minority determined to secede with

their ejected minister, and within six months, a new Chapel frowned upon the old one, from the opposite side of the street; and before the plaister was yet dry, the rheumatic congregation listened to the history of their neighbour's intolerance.' p. 74—76.

Our remarks, in pursuing the remainder of the narrative, must be very brief. We are quite aware how much less amusing to many of our readers will be our comment than the text. It requires no ordinary degree of patience and coolness of temper to disentangle the fine and skilful tissue of our Author's misrepresentation. The above instance may, possibly, arise from a disposition observable in metaphysical philosophers of a certain stature of attainment, to generalize every accident and every circumstance that comes before them. Possessing much more liveliness of perception, and ambitious restlessness of fancy than cool, discriminative judgement, they disdain to keep the slow pace of historical evidence or argumentative deduction. They must soar in propositions, and sport in axioms, and glitter in antitheses. That cases have occurred very nearly resembling that which is here recorded on the testimony of a Velvet Cushion, is undeniable. We have no wish to deny it. Were they ever so frequent, the principles of Dissent rest on a very different foundation from the character, the policy, and the history, of the advocates of any particular system, or the members of any particular society. They do not rest on simple expediency. Nevertheless, we are sure that our Author would not wish deliberately to scandalize any body of men, by imputing that as not only a consequence but a general result of their principles, which, as a matter of history, is by no means of so frequent occurrence as to characterize their sentiments, nor as an existing circumstance in unison with their practice, their feelings, or their opinions. But we must hasten to consider a more serious charge. We will give it in all its connexion, not only that it may have all its force, but for the sake of the beauty of some of the sentiments with which it is—we will not say artfully, but—skilfully connected.

‘ I found that the Chapel had been erected at a period when the Clergyman of the parish happened to love sporting far better than preaching. The people who, however, wanting in religion themselves, quickly perceive any deficiency in their clergy, soon quitted the Church. And as the dissenting minister preached orthodox doctrines in a spiritual and zealous manner, as moreover for a time, the service was gilded and rendered palatable, by the introduction of a large proportion of the Church prayers—the wandering flock sought food in these foreign pastures. And, in the first instance, they seemed to gain by the exchange. Many of the ignorant were taught, many of the profligate reclaimed—and many of the miserable comforted. During this period, the mass of the congregation were poor. Soon,

however, some of the poor becoming rich, obtained an ascendancy in the congregation, and finding one an orthodox, and others a practical religion troublesome to them—ejected, first one minister, and then another, as contending parties prevailed; oscillating for a long time between a fiery Antinomian and a frozen Socinian. For a long time the struggle between flame and frost was doubtful; but, at length, as the weight of influence lay on the side of the Socinians, heterodoxy prevailed. One consequence of this was, that the piety and morals of the pulpit both declined. The next was, that the congregation declined as fast as the doctrines. Socinianism thinned it like the plague. And at last, except that I, and an old man and woman who were stone deaf remained, the words ‘My brethren’ were absolutely superfluous.’

“My love,” said the Vicar—“this fact is worth a thousand arguments. The ‘Common people heard (Christ) gladly’ Socinianism never fails to drive them away. A religion without a Saviour is the temple without its glory, and its worshippers will all desert it. No man in the world has less pretensions as a preacher than myself—my voice, my look, my manner, all—“All excellent” said she—“Nearly as bad as possible,” said he; “and yet. I thank God, there is scarcely a corner of our little Church where you might not find a streaming eye, or a beating heart. The reason is—that I speak of Christ; and, if there is not a charm in the word, there is in the train of fears, and hopes, and joys, which it carries along with it. The people feel, and then they must listen.”

‘The old Lady, though she differed from the Vicar as to his notion of his own voice and manner, quite sympathized with him in all his enthusiasm upon the glorious theme on which he had now entered. A humbler spirit scarcely ever breathed. This humility had carried her to the foot of the cross of Christ, and she seemed to stand there like one of the women who had followed him to his crucifixion. I have seen her hang upon her husband’s lips, when he dwelt upon this topic, as if she was listening to the song of the angels—“To you is born this day, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” In Church, it was their darling theme—at home, their continual feast. The sacred name of a Saviour never failed to quell a rising difference, to bind up a wound, to dry up a tear, to shed a sort of sunshine over all their prospects. I shall never forget the emphasis with which she replied to his last sentence—“Yes, my dear—they feel, and I feel, and if we did not all feel, the stones themselves would cry out. If my feelings ever languish, I call to mind our poor Catholic, who, as you well remember, when her priest had prescribed some penance for her sins, after hearing you, burst into the vestry, crying, ‘that is the Saviour I want.’ We all want him, and God be praised, we may all possess him.” The old man’s heart burned within him as she talked, and he now felt what indeed he had felt a thousand times, *why* he loved his wife.

“But,” said he, “to return to the memoir—what a striking history of dissent we have here. In two or three generations, you see the orthodoxy of this Chapel freezing into Socinianism. And this particular history would, I fear, serve for the history of many other

Chapels. Socinianism or Arianism now fills the pulpits once occupied by Howe, Owen, or Baxter. Could they return to earth, they would find their lamps burning, not in the once-cherished meeting, but in the despised and deserted aisles of the Establishment. The over-anxious zeal of their followers soon spent itself. The volcano burnt out, and too often left behind it nothing but the ashes of infidelity. Who ever heard of a dissenting society recovering itself—of their dead in faith walking again? But, in our Church, the dead do walk. At the present moment, a flame of religion has sprung up from the grave in which she was entombed at the Restoration, and walks abroad in many of the churches and colleges of the land. But, my dear, I am talking myself, when I had much better be reading the memoir." pp. 77—82.

If these are our Author's deliberate convictions, his honest opinions, and we have no reason to doubt it, we no longer blame his attachments to the forms and ritual of the National Church. If it be a fervent attachment to the doctrines of her Articles, and the devotional pathos of her Liturgy, that has inspired him with equal dislike to, and dread of, Dissenters, we will respect the prejudices that spring from so estimable a principle, nor shall we despair of seeing them relinquished on his becoming a little better acquainted with *their* principles.

The only expression which excited a momentary suspicion of the Author's sincerity, occurs in the first paragraph. He says that the wandering flock '*seemed* to gain by the exchange;—an expression which, not to make a man an offender for a word, we should have been less disposed to notice, but for a similar sentence which occurs in a following chapter. After describing the young clergyman of the parish, as 'an easy, kind-hearted creature, who might have seconded an address, or even have presided at a turnpike meeting, with considerable effect; but who had neither piety nor vigour for his sacred employment,' he adds,

'His people were grossly neglected. The 'hungry sheep looked up, and were not fed,' and they accordingly sought for what *they deemed* more productive pastures. And *the meeting*, which waited, *like Absalom in the gate, for all the discontented*, and promised to supply all their wants, soon filled itself with the stragglers.' p. 137.

What are we to understand from this?—Let us suppose it to be a real concurrence,—the *David* of the Church a character similar to what is here described, and in this respect only, it seems, like David,—that a 'meeting,' in which, however, it is not implied that the truths of the Gospel were not faithfully preached, as in the instance before quoted, waited, like Absalom, a rebel and a profligate, to receive all the disaffected stragglers who were disloyal enough and weak enough to deem

any pastures more productive than those which afforded their souls no food, and to seek the supply of their wants elsewhere rather than within the pale of that barren enclosure. They were, however, only stragglers, who were guilty of this flagitious schism; the others were contented to starve and die. 'And in the first instance the former might *seem* to gain by the exchange.' How strange their delusion! But does our Author dare indeed insinuate, that they ought not to have acted thus? Is a concern for personal salvation to be repressed and restricted by any considerations respecting the dubious arrangements of human policy? to be held subordinate to questions of forms, and of rites, and of services of human imposition? Would the Author—would any conscientious clergyman fearlessly incur the awful responsibility of advising a person solicitous about his eternal welfare to continue an attendant upon the forms of the Establishment, where the Gospel is no longer preached from the pulpit? where, instead of that Gospel, doctrines of no negative tendency, principles subversive of its authority, are ignorantly or insidiously promulgated? and this, while in a neighbouring street, suppose it be even from the spirit of contention, Christ is preached? Is it only Dissenting chapels and meeting-houses that are to be suffered to sink into decay,—that do in fact always decay, when both the piety and the morals of the pulpit decline? We accept the implied avowal. If *this* Protestantism be the religion of Churches, let Dissenterism ever be the religion of barns. We need seek no further evidence of the pernicious tendency of any rites or decorations which can communicate a supposed local sanctity, or induce a superstitious attachment to walls apart from and independent on the truth and presence of Him who is the glory of the temples and the life of the worshippers. We no longer wonder that the policy of an endowed Establishment should have retained so much of 'the religion of Cathedrals,' the Gothic arches, the solemn light, all that we 'owe to Popery,' which includes every thing that deserves to be called by the name of a church; that it should call in the aid of sense, of scenic grandeur, of association, of authority, in order to counteract the strong attraction of a Dissenting meeting-house, a very barn, in which the glad tidings of the Gospel are preached to dying sinners. Behold our reasons for Dissent! We can no longer wonder that in abhorrent dread of such effects resulting from the abuse of even the decent solemnities of the Church, the first Puritans should have been led with too indiscriminate and disproportionate zeal to proscribe whatsoever might thus beguile the souls of men from the simplicity which is in Christ. Our Author has given us the history of a Dissenting chapel. He laments that 'Socinianism or Arianism now fills the pulpits once occupied by Howe, Owen, or Baxter.' We

lament, equally with the Author, that Socinianism or Arianism should fill any pulpit, much more pulpits once occupied by the assertors of the truth. But does he mean to insinuate that Socinianism is occupying among Dissenters the place of Orthodox Christianity? that it is supplanting the worthy descendents of those great men whose names he specifies? that it is gaining the ascendancy? and that Dissent favours its increase? If this be his meaning, we must inform him, and we expect to be listened to not only with that deference to which our opportunities of information might entitle us, but with that charity which gladly believeth and hopeth all things concerning a brother, that he is utterly and happily mistaken. The history of a chapel is not the history of Dissent. It presents no analogy illustrative of the tendency of the principles of Dissent. We could furnish the Author, and he would surely rejoice in the intelligence, with the histories of numerous chapels once filled by Socinianism or Arianism, which are now thronged with the attendants upon an evangelical ministry. This case, we will venture to affirm without fear of contradiction, is as common at least as the opposite. But we repeat it, the history of Dissent is not involved in the history of a meeting-house. We esteem it no disadvantage, no evil that a congregation of Dissenters, instead of clinging to lifeless formularies and polluted walls, 'declines as fast as the doctrines;'—that 'Socinianism thins it like a plague.'

But the ground is suddenly insidiously changed. 'Who ever heard of a Dissenting Society recovering itself—of their dead in faith walking again? But in our Church the dead do walk.' There is nothing so deceptive in serious argument, as poetical tropes and similies: they impose on the author still more easily than on his readers. A Christian Society conveys to us no other idea than that of an aggregation or combination of individuals, each possessed of a distinct rationality and an immortal principle of life. That when any particular individuals of a Dissenting congregation lapse into heresy—become dead in faith, there should be any thing in the constitution and discipline of a Dissenting church to render their recovery hopeless, is an absurdity which we cannot suppose our Author meant to convey. The supposed case then is that of a Christian Society, a body of professing Christians; declining in piety, becoming first lukewarm, and, at length, disinclined to the truth, lapsing into a state of moral death and political decay. The picture cannot be contemplated by a pious mind in regard to any class of society, without deep, melancholy, and earnest deprecation. It was the sad history and awful catastrophe of the Church of Laodicea, as inscribed by the pen of prophecy. But is it only within the walls of a meeting-house that these affecting instances

present themselves? Are there no churches within the pale of the Establishment in which the congregation once exhibiting, under the faithful ministry of a devout pastor, all the symptoms of vital energy, have, when death has closed those lips of pure and holy eloquence, relapsed into formality, and gradually broken away into the world? Can it administer any consolation, that when that generation shall have been swept off into eternity, a flame of religion may, in the dispensations of Providence, be relumed within those walls, perhaps, to be succeeded by an interval of moral darkness? Is the figment of the immortality of the Church itself, as an abstraction, any alleviation of the awful consideration of the death of hundreds, murdered slumbering in her embrace? What antidote do its forms supply? In what instances, in any degree sufficiently numerous to justify our bringing them into the account, have the Liturgy, and the Ritual, and the Articles, of the Church, been found efficacious, independently of an evangelical ministry, to keep alive the flame of religion in the Church, to convert the sinner from the error of his ways, and to train up the believer for the celestial inheritance?

Is the resurrection of the doctrines of the Reformation within the walls of the Establishment—an event in which no persons more sincerely rejoice than pious Dissenters—any cause of self-gratulation to the more thoughtful ministers of the Church? Can they ascribe to any latent principle of animation in either the system or the members of that Establishment, the quickening energy which has been partially superinduced upon the Clergy? Do the hated names of ‘Popes Wesley and Whitfield’ supply no admonitory reflections? Or needs this writer be reminded that the period is not very remote at which Dissenters and Methodists were the only classes of Christians in this country whose ministers could be said to preach the doctrines of the Reformation? and that even yet—and it is with deep regret we advert to the awful fact—the proportion which the preachers of the doctrines of the Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England bear to the whole body of her clergy, though it has been increasing rapidly, is by far too inconsiderable to deserve the name of a minority? Though in the Church there be ‘many of the dead who walk;’ and who, by their active energy, seem to occupy more ground than the vast majority who remain in stupid and guilty lethargy, there is as yet, we conceive, but little scope for this indecent tone of triumph, what encouragement soever there may be for hope. There have indeed been a noise and a shaking, and the bones of some of the skeletons have come together; have assumed, with sinews and flesh, the forms of men; and the breath of life has come into them: but they cannot, alas! be said to constitute an exceeding

great army. The Church still exhibits a melancholy degree of resemblance to the valley of vision; and concerning the dry bones which are spread on every side in horrid and loathsome communion with the living, it may still be demanded, Can these bones live? and the answer will still be appropriate, "O Lord God, thou knowest."

We cannot see then, the ground of the Author's exultation and of the indignant demand which he makes. We care not to answer him when he exclaims, 'Who ever heard of a dissenting society recovering itself?' not understanding distinctly to what sort of resurrection he refers. Dissenting societies are voluntary compacts which extend not beyond the life of the individuals who recognise them. A thousand circumstances may operate to augment, or to detract from, their numbers. Natural and accidental causes perhaps, with the intervention of others of a description to awaken regret, may combine to thin the chapel, or rather to deprive the minister of the chapel of his attendants. The antiquity of a great proportion of what are called Dissenting Churches, opposes, however, some strong facts to this hypothetical concession; and the revival of others within the sphere of our actual knowledge, which had nearly sunk into decay, may serve to prove that the prayers of a Church, and the labours of an affectionate pastor, may have their resurrection within the walls of a Dissenting chapel. But be it so, that Dissenting societies partake of the principles of mutation and decay. When once dead, it is not our custom to embalm them, and sacredly to revere their mummies:—let their names perish. But if it be supposed that the cause of Dissent—we retract our words—we know of no such cause—we will never lend ourselves to the promotion of any cause as the cause of a party—but if it be supposed that the principles of Dissent suffer from sympathy with the decline of a congregation, or the depopulation of a chapel, there cannot be a more palpable mistake. These considerations, however, seldom occupy the fears, the hopes, or the speculations, of pious ministers among the Dissenters. They accustom themselves to contemplate the progress of the sacred light of Truth, and the triumphs of the Gospel, as wholly distinct from any order of means which the wisdom of men may devise, or the Almighty be pleased to employ;—as independent on the rise or the fall of any societies or establishments;—as subserved by the sincere and devout efforts of good men of every religious distinction;—and as ultimately secured by those intimations of the Divine counsels, and those express assurances of Divine interposition, with which the Scriptures are richly strewed.

'Another great error (we are told) was, their low estimation of prayer. They threw away your noble form of prayer that the mi-

nister might pray as he pleased. The consequence was, that the people also heard as they pleased, which was often not at all. He prayed and they looked about them.'

A case to which, of course, the devouter congregations of an Episcopal church present no parallel! A degree of criminal irreverence peculiar to Dissenting worship!

'Prayer with them was a secondary object—the sermon, all in all.'

"As if," said the Vicar, "one great end of preaching was not to teach us to pray."

"As if," said his wife, "not prayer, but preaching, was the employment of angels."

"As if," rejoined the Vicar, "God had said—'My house shall be called a house of' preaching, instead of 'a house of prayer.'" p. 85.

Here our good friend the Velvet Cushion discovers, we think, not a little of his educational predilections; and the excellent couple appear, in listening to him, to have inhaled the infection. We well know what an antipathy the Romish clergy had to the *Sermons* of the Reformers. The forms of prayer which the Church of Rome authorized, would have been inoffensive even from the lips of heretics; but it was the preaching of Luther, the thunders of the pulpit, which shook the Vatican, and made the seat of the Beast tremble. The doctrine of the prayers of angels belongs to the same Church:—'*As if*,' might a Dissenter have interposed, 'one great end of prayer was not that we might be taught to love and to understand the word of God?'—'*As if* the Apostle had said, "it pleased God" by the wisdom of prescribed forms of devotion, instead of by "the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe!"—'*As if* the preaching of the cross were but a subordinate part of the Christian ministry! There can be no surer sign of the declension of the spirit of prayer itself, than a contemptuous indifference for the preaching of the Gospel, as though it were indeed foolishness, disguised under the semblance of religious reverence for the external forms of worship.

But one is quite at a loss in what manner to account for this strange charge against Dissenters, of undervaluing the importance and efficacy of prayer; as they are the very people whose stated appointments of social meetings for the exercise of this very duty, have been so often scoffed at and ridiculed as tending to nourish fanaticism, and to engender hypocrisy: and the more so, as Dissenters are known to require from candidates for the ministerial office those qualifications for leading the devotions of a congregation, which may afford at least a presumption of the existence of the habit, and, so far as human sagacity can penetrate, of the spirit of devotion. It is rather hard that they should be reproached with errors of so opposite

a nature ; and that it should be in reference to *their* churches, that it is added, ' Take away the spirit of prayer, and though the *materials* or even the *splendour* of the temple remain,' the "glory" has "departed" from it.'

But our limits will no longer allow us to measure step by step our Author's erratic progress. We shall be heartily glad to take leave of the subject of Dissent : a few animadversions on the following passage shall close our remarks on this part of the volume.

' My early habits (continues the Velvet Cushion) unfitted me for Dissent. I felt much *tenderness*, indeed, for the scrupulous dissenter, and much admiration of their general zeal ; but I saw nothing which led me to think that, on the whole, the stones of the church would be better employed in building meetings. The Dissenters are often important auxiliaries to the Church,—but they would be bad substitutes for it.' p. 93.

This was said, probably, in the mild tone of conciliatory kindness, and we beg leave to express our sense of the candid intention which dictated it. We are willing to accept this condescending tenderness, the utmost which, after the picture of Dissenterism which has been exhibited, can be expected in lieu of that more enlightened feeling of cordiality we might have required of a man who quotes, with the appearance of familiarity, the names of Howe, Owen, and Baxter. A preference for the Church of England in a member of that Church, can be considered only as commendable consistency. We can conceive no efficient reason which should induce those who are Dissenters in principle to remain within the Establishment. We would add, let Dissenters be considered as *auxiliaries* to the Church, rather than as hostile rivals ; but we must first inquire in what sense they are to be styled its auxiliaries. As an establishment, it is obvious they cannot be considered in this light. In the maintenance of the doctrines which Dissenters hold in common with the Church, they are *mutual* auxiliaries. In the cause of Christ they are, we trust, fellow-labourers with the pious clergy. But if our Author means to arrogate a pre-eminence on behalf of the Established Church, which would imply that all other religious sects must be content to follow in her train as dependent auxiliaries—and we would not willingly misunderstand him on this point—our reply would be in the spirit of independence in which St. Paul boldly asserted his claims as irrespective of human authority. The apostolic synod at Jerusalem seemed at first disposed to regard the Apostle of the Gentiles himself as an ' important auxiliary ;'—and from views of the spirituality of the Messiah's empire as yet imperfect, to assume a supposed delegated authority. " But the Gospel which was preached of me," exclaims St. Paul, " I nei-

ther received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. Neither went I up to Jerusalem to *them which were apostles before me.* "But they heard only that he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed, and they *glorified God in me.* But *of those, who seemed to be somewhat, whatsoever they were, it maketh no matter to me: God accepteth no man's person.*"

Is it demanding too much of those who consider themselves as the servants of Christ, and who must therefore regard, in their best moments, all political interests as infinitely inconsequential in comparison with the diffusion of the knowledge of his name, to require of them the expression of a similar spirit as a test of their sincerity? It is not from pride or contention, but from conscientious motives of the greatest urgency, that Dissenters resist the assumption of any authority or superiority on the part of the endowed clergy of their country, as it respects the validity of their commission or the extent of their claims. They stigmatize as strongly as the maddest advocates of an apostolic succession can, the unauthorized usurpation of the sacred office; but they contend that this succession is of a spiritual nature. They inquire, who is the usurper of the ministerial functions,—the man, under whatever name he may be designated, who, though wanting the credentials of legislative appointment, is baptized with a heavenly unction, from which he has confessedly derived the efficiency to cast out devils, or the worldling, who has prostituted his soul to pleasure or to covetousness, but who is invested with the office by a temporal authority, which can convey to him nothing but the awful responsibility of the charge? Let it be granted as a possible case that the former character may have deceived himself, which of the two is the most fatally deluded,—he who fancies he has derived his pretensions from Divine teaching, and who errs only in the personal application of right principles, or the more miserable fanatic, who conceives that a human ordinance can constitute him, in the absence of all personal fitness, an authorized and competent depository and minister of the Gospel of Christ? This Gospel, we repeat it, cannot 'be received of man.' The sanctity of the ministerial character cannot be in any way derived from human establishments. A sort of official dignity, and the external respect which is due to rank, station, and acquirements, may reasonably be attached to the person of a clergyman; but it is not of these that we are speaking. There is a reality in the character and functions of the sacred office, which does not reside in the extrinsic investments, and which belongs equally to the episcopal and the congregational 'Priest.' We submit whether there be not as much impiety in ridiculing the one,

as the other ;—in burlesquing the simple worship of the meeting-house, as in scoffing at the more ornate rites of a complicated ritual ;—in talking of Puritan fists, as in laughing at a surplice. On this point, let Dissenters and Churchmen exchange mutual confessions : we will not inquire to which class attaches the charge of having most erred in this respect. But setting this aside, we ask, are we demanding too much in requiring that by whomsoever the faith is preached, the Churchman, how strong soever his preference for his modes and discipline, should, with a cordiality that has no reserve, “glorify God” in them. But if they think that they are entitled *as* Churchmen, to any deference above that which may be due to their character, their attainments, and their zeal, if in this case they seem to themselves to be somewhat, whatsoever they be, it maketh no matter to us : “God accepteth no man’s person.”

When our Author quits this dangerous and controverted ground, he pursues his narrative with an evenness of temper and an elevation of sentiment which are truly admirable. There is a great deal of accurate discrimination, and of pathetic beauty in some of the portraits, with, occasionally, symptoms of candour which we cannot but consider as indigenous to his character. From some passages we are led to suspect that he is not accurately acquainted with the doctrines of Calvinism, especially when he thinks it necessary to remark that the Calvinist cannot be more sure than another that he is a true Christian ; and if not sure, his creed is no peculiar comfort to him. The old lady, ‘who had been reading that very morning a chapter in Archbishop Leighton, (the most formidable of all controversialists, because every devout reader must be afraid to disagree with him,)’ is however permitted to remark that ‘a pious and moderate Calvinist will find much both in scripture and in reason to say for his system.’ We cannot refuse insertion to the following passage.

‘My love, I have been young, and now am old ; and from infancy to that verge of second infancy on which I stand, such has been the wholly unmerited compassion of my God, so often has he stretched out to me the golden sceptre of his mercy—so often, when guilty, pardoned—when infirm, strengthened—and when miserable, shed around me the sun-shine of his presence, that I am sure ‘he *would* not I should perish.’ “I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded,” that as long as I endeavour by his help, to stretch out this “withered arm” for mercy, (and as he spoke he stretched out an arm indeed withered in the service of the sanctuary)—as long as I endeavour, in complete distrust of myself, to take hold even of the hem of his garment, I shall find “virtue go out of him” to heal all my infirmities, and cleanse all my sins. This is my confidence, and if others have more, I thank God for their happiness, but am content with my own.

Now, such was the humility of the good old man, that he had never been heard to speak as triumphantly of his own hopes before. And, even now, he seemed to blush for an avowal which not self-complacency, but love and gratitude to God had forced from him. After a short pause, he added,—“I wish, my love, in general, to speak neither of myself, nor of the disputable points in religion. As to myself, I am sure of but one thing—that I am a most unworthy servant of a God, to whose mercy from beginning to end, I must owe my salvation. And, as to Calvinists and Arminians—as there are only five points on which they differ, and at least five hundred on which, if real Christians, they agree, I desire to embrace all the articles of our common faith, and leave the rest to be settled in heaven.”

“Perhaps you think,” said she, “that they will never be settled on earth.”

“I do,” answered the Vicar. “Under various shapes, they have perplexed the philosophers and divines of all ages. My own creed is this—if a Calvinist so hold his opinion as to lead a holy life, and an Arminian so hold his as to preserve a humble spirit, I believe the principles of neither will exclude them from heaven.”

“After this, the Vicar, who knew that no position was so safe for a man of his own sentiments as a prostration before God, knelt down; and, like the giant, refreshing himself by touching on his mother earth, recruited, I doubt not, all his hopes, and views, and joys, by intercourse and communion with his God.” p. 120—123.

Were we to add any thing to this extract, it would be as a companion to this interesting portrait, presented in no ideal character, but in that of a Dissenting minister of the baptist connexion, and a Calvinist, who lately closed a long and exemplary life of humble usefulness*. We shall insert a few sentences which will convey the imperfect outline.

“During his trying affliction, he enjoyed a settled peace, which sometimes rose to joy. “I am in general,” he said to a friend, “composed and calm, but as to *strong consolation*, I know nothing of it: it is the work of faith and patience. I look upon all that I have done as NOTHING! I must enter heaven just on the same footing as did the thief on the cross, and shall be glad to take a seat by his side!” A friend having expressed a devout hope that he might have an *abundant* entrance into the everlasting kingdom, he replied, “I think I know the allusion in that text,—it is to a ship entering the harbour with a fair wind, on a fine day, with all her sails set. I do not expect an *abundant* entrance: if I may *but enter*, though it be on a board, or broken piece of the ship, I shall be happy.” Taking leave, as he supposed, of his wife, he said, “My love, I commit you to Jesus: our separation will not be long, and

* See the Baptist Magazine for August—Obituary of the Rev. J. Sutcliffe, Olney.

"I think I shall often be about you."—With peculiar emphasis he uttered his last sentence—"That God is the *strength* of his people, is an idea that I never saw before, as *I now see it.*" We think we may trust this simple account to make its own impression on our readers, and dare believe that it will not be felt irrelevant.

There is a varied and sometimes an affecting interest in the concluding chapters of this narrative, which will cancel in the minds of many readers the remembrance of its faults. The Author could scarcely consider himself as putting forth an *anonymous* publication. We sincerely regret that the mixed character of its contents should have forced upon us the unpleasant task of strong and decided censure, when we would much rather have had the opportunity of bestowing unqualified praise. It is with peculiar pain we behold a mind so highly gifted, warped from its consistency, and diverted from the simple pursuit of its holiest objects, by the prejudices of station and the narrowing influence of political system; that we are compelled to witness the mistakes of judgement and the errors of feeling, into which, in combination with these, a native impetuosity has so frequently betrayed him. Could we venture to hope that we have in any measure succeeded in placing some subjects before him in a new light, so as to influence his future speculations, we should consider that we had done no small service to the cause of literature and religion. We have no doubt that the time will come when the Author of the *Velvet Cushion* will concur with some of his sincerest friends in the regret with which they regard this publication, as an injurious misapplication of his fine talents. That it is calculated to do some good even to Dissenters, we are not disposed to deny. If they should be inclined, on perusing some of its pages, to rejoice that they possess as it were by birth right, as Dissenters, an immunity from some of the prejudices which seem almost of necessity to cleave to the members of an Establishment, let them not, on this account, shut their eyes to the practical errors which may have sprung up among themselves, and twined about their own systems. 'Fas est et ab hoste doceri,' is an axiom much oftener quoted than adopted as a rule of conduct. If the Dissenters of the present day do not improve, it certainly will not be from the lack of benevolent exertions on the part of their opponents, to convince them of the error of their ways, and to point out in their discipline more dangers and inconveniences than have ever yet been realized. Nor will it be, it should seem, from an indisposition on their own part, to listen, with becoming deference, to the predictions or advice of their instructors, since we are well informed that the publication which takes the lead among Christian Observers of this

class, is indebted, for a very considerable proportion of its sale, to the support of Dissenters of different denominations, who are happy, for the sake of the practical value of some of its papers, to assist to their utmost in promoting its circulation, notwithstanding those parts of its contents which they cannot approve. May we be permitted in conclusion to offer to the candid attention of the Author and his friends, the following sensible observations. The spirit and conduct which they recommend, could we hope to see them generally prevalent, would do more towards healing the dissensions among good men, or obviating the evils of Dissent itself, than all the histories of Velvet Cushions which have been, or which may be written.

‘ Let it be remembered by controversialists on all subjects, ‘ that every speculative error which boasts a multitude of ‘ advocates, has its golden as well as its dark side ; that there ‘ is always some truth connected with it, the exclusive attention to which has given it charms for the heart. Let it be ‘ remembered that no assailant of an error can reasonably hope ‘ to be listened to by its advocates, who has not proved to them ‘ that he has seen the disputed subject in the same point of view, ‘ and is capable of contemplating it with the same feelings as ‘ themselves : (for why should we abandon a cause at the persuasion of one who is ignorant of the reasons which have ‘ attached us to it ?) Let it be remembered, that to write, ‘ however ably, merely to convince those who are already convinced, displays but the courage of a boaster ; and in any ‘ subject to rail against the evil, before we have enquired for ‘ the good, and to exasperate the passions of those who think ‘ with us, by caricaturing and blackening the motives of our ‘ antagonists, is to make the understanding a pander of the ‘ passions ; and even though we should have defended the right ‘ cause, to gain for ourselves ultimately from the good and the ‘ wise, no other praise than the Supreme Judge awarded to the ‘ friends of Job for their partial and uncharitable defence of his ‘ justice : “ My wrath is kindled against you ; for ye have not ‘ spoken of me *rightfully*.” ’

Art. III.—*The Rape of Proserpine* ; with other Poems, from Claudian ; Translated into English Verse. With a prefatory Discourse, and occasional Notes. By Jacob George Strutt. 8vo. pp. xvi. 208, price 8s. 6d. Longman, Hurst, and Co. 1814.

TO what cause are we to attribute the declensions of taste among the Romans, from the time of Augustus ? This is certainly a very interesting question to every lover of literature. The declension itself is allowed on all hands. Some have

sought its cause in an imagined vicissitude of day and night in science and in the arts,—a grand intellectual cycle, according to the revolution of which, succeeding ages are for ever to exhibit the same phenomena of mind. Others have pleased themselves with fancying a connexion between manners and literature, and have accordingly attributed the sickly elegance of taste in the ages succeeding the Augustan, to a moral constitution radically vitiated. But, not to enter into any comparison of the characters of the old and of the modern Romans,—of murder and of lust;—not to inquire why a hard, ferocious, ungenerous savage is thus to be lifted above a selfish, dissolute man of pleasure;—we shall venture to look at the morals of one or two of the Augustan writers,—of Horace, a flatterer, a coward, a drunkard, and a profligate;—of Ovid and Catullus, whose writings we recommend as we do poison;—even of the soft and love-sick Tibullus;—and then ask, whether the characters of these men are to be lauded over those of Juvenal, Persius, and Seneca? whether, to meet the argument perhaps more justly, there was not more firmness, more civil courage, more independence of mind about the latter than the former? And yet, what comparison is there between them in point of taste? But we forbear to pursue this point at present, hoping shortly to have another opportunity of taking it up. We are rather inclined to look for the origin of this ‘falling off,’ in the models which the later writers followed,—in the Augustan authors themselves. The Roman muse, in her best days, had more of elegance than of genius: in her airy flights, she ‘won her way,’ with all the grace imaginable, but she seldom rose to any great elevation. For delicacy of sentiment, exactness of taste, felicity of diction, and all those curious elegancies of composition, which delight in a state of refinement, we must go to Terence, to Virgil, and to Horace. But depth of feeling, tempestuous and overwhelming passion, wild and irregular fancies, all, in short, that carries away the imagination and storms the heart,—all these are excellences of a quite different kind, and which are not supplied in equal profusion by the Augustan writers. We do not say, that they were not poets born; but there is too much of art about them, or rather, too little of the freshness and raciness of nature, too little of natural feeling and language, too little of what is the echo of our own best emotions and most delicious sensations. There is too much of writing in them, and too little of feeling. Every thing is, in the true sense of the words, exquisite and elaborate, sought and laboured after: nature never speaks through them, as she does through our own poets, ‘with most miraculous organs.’ We do not know whether we may appear fanciful, but we

seem to find a sufficient cause of the character of the Augustan writers in the character of those for whom they wrote. The Greek poets wrote for the people. Homer, if we are to place any trust in received traditions, said or sung his *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in detached portions, from town to town; Pindar recited his Odes at the grand festival assemblies of the Greeks; and the three great tragedians were of course to be heard and judged by all Athens at large; and no nation, not even the French, ever delighted in the theatre, as the Athenians did. In the same manner, our own poets wrote for the people; for, not to mention that all our best old poets, with two exceptions, were dramatists, the invention of printing places every one who writes, immediately before the public: a book is no longer a curiosity; any one can get *Othello* for sixpence, and *Paradise Lost* for a couple of shillings. Now, without in the least departing from our common principle that *taste is cultivated feeling*,—without in the least asserting the people to be proper judges of poetical merit,—it is certain that, to please them, boldness and vigour are necessary: they cannot, indeed, distinguish good from bad, feeling from rant, sublimity from fustian; but they can distinguish weak from powerful, and they require something strong and stimulating; they will tolerate a bad poet, but not a tame one. Now the Augustan poets wrote for one another, for literary patrons, for a polished court;—not for the people. The Roman people, indeed, seem never to have been much inclined to literature; even the theatre was no favourite place of amusement with them; they left a new comedy of Terence's to run after some rope-dancers; and were all along exceedingly addicted to the fights of gladiators and wild beasts. Hence the ears for which the Latin poet wrote, were few and select; would immediately perceive, and highly approve, every nicer elegance of sentiment and style; but would tolerate nothing gross or vulgar, nothing but what was perfectly well-bred.

Whether the reader will join with us in attributing the character of the Augustan poetry to this cause, we know not: we think that they will admit the character itself to be at least just. And from the devoted copyists of these models, in their kind inimitable, what was to be expected? That, in the pursuit after elegance, they would refine away every thing masculine and vigorous; that, still aiming at beauty of language and harmony of versification, they would forget nature and passion,—would even cease to admire them.

Some original and powerful genius might, indeed, have burst this bondage,—have broken through this magical circle that kept the mind ignorant of its own powers, and have dared to think for himself, and express his own thoughts in his own language.

Something of this kind we have witnessed among ourselves. The wits of Charles the Second's time, had imported from the French,—a nation, in its feelings, in its imaginations, in its language, the most unpoetical in the world,—a flimsey manufacture of verses infinitely inferior to the stronger and more durable production of the age of Elizabeth : and this might for ever have continued in vogue, growing, however, prettier and less substantial every day, had not Cowper ventured to see with his own eyes, and to like and dislike for himself. The manner in which the poems of Cowper were received by the public, is a pretty convincing proof how far nature, rude and simple nature, (for we can perceive Cowper's faults,) outvalues all the pretty turns and antitheses of art. No such genius, however, arose among the Latins ; or if Lucan be so considered, no one was bold enough to follow him.

Claudian, at least, (for it is quite time that we come to the business in hand,) was not a poet of this kind. He is of the true post-Augustan school, standing in about the same rank, with respect to Virgil and Homer, as Tintoret, with respect to Titian and Michael Angelo. Beautiful words beautifully combined, pretty turns, a mellifluous versification,—these were probably all that Claudian aimed at, and these it would be injustice to deny that he has attained. But for anything beyond, for anything like impassioned poetry, for anything that captivates and detains the heart, it is in vain to search his volume. Still, we are of opinion, that parts of it at least, are worthy of a translator ; and it is pretty obvious, what kind of a translator he wants ;—a man well aware of the nice elegancies of his own, and of the Latin, languages, and of a genius sufficiently small to submit to the handicraft drudgery of sorting words and balancing well-vowelled syllables. The present translator is not exactly such a one ; and we wish that he had selected a subject for translation with more of feeling about it ; we are persuaded that he could do something better than translate Claudian. The neat and exquisite epithets and phrases of the original are frequently wholly omitted in the translation, or changed for others not equally appropriate and by no means so recondite. We shall give a few examples of what we mean ; and if our observations should be thought minute by our readers, we must inform them that we think them so ourselves, but the elegance of language is made up of minutiae ; and an infinitely small quantity repeated an infinite number of times, may become of importance.

Of the mariner's acquiring of courage in his voyages, the original says, '*Cordaque languentem dedidicere metum* ;' the translation, '*The languid influence of fear rejects.*' '*Reject*'

certainly conveys the meaning of Claudian, but vaguely and loosely, not tied down as it is by the word 'dedidicere.'

' Quo ducta ferox Proserpina raptu
Possedit *dotale* Chaos.'

' What sudden seizure doom'd stern Proserpine
To *joyless* Chaos.'

' Tisiphone

' *Armatus ad castra vocat pallentia Manes.*'

' Calls the buried dead *to join the fight.*'

' Te consanguineo recipit *post fulmina fessum*
Juno sinu.'

' And thee, *when wars and victories oppress,*
Imperial Juno soothes with kindred love.'

' Sed, quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æstu,
Scit nivibus servare fidem, pariterq; favillis
Durescit glacies tanti securo vaporis,
Arcano defensa gelu, fumoq; fideli
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.'

' Yet, though with sateless fury burn those flames,
Thou, Etna, still endur'st; for high-heap'd snows
And ribs of ice temper the boiling floods,
To flow innoxious round thy frost-bound sides.' p. 14.

We are certainly very far from admiring the conceits of the original; but it is obvious that the *manner* of Claudian is entirely given up by his translator.

' Nondum *pura* dies.'

' The day yet scarcely *risen.*'

' Matutinis præsudat solibus aër.'

' The morning sky glows with light's earliest ray.'

Claudian is an author so little read, that we make no scruple of introducing the following passage, certainly beautiful in point of style, to the notice of our readers.

' Viderat herboso sacrum de vertice vulgus
Henna parens florum, curvâq; in valle sedentem
Compellat Zephyrum: Pater o gratissime veris
Qui mea *lascivo* regnas per prata *meatu*
Semper, et *assiduis irroras flatibus annum,*
Respice nympharum cœtus, et celsa Tonantis
Germina, per nostros dignantia ludere campos.
Nunc adsis faveasq; precor: nunc omnia fœtu
Pubescant virgulta velis, ut fertilis Hybla
Invideat, vinciq; suos non abnuat hortos.
Quidquid turiferis spirat Panchaia sylvis,
Quidquid odoratus longé blanditur Hydaspes,
Quidquid ab extremis ales longæva Sabæis
Colligit, optato repetens exordia busto,

*In venas disperge meas, et flamine largo
 Rura fove: merear divino pollice carpi,
 Et nostris cupiant ornari numina sertis.
 Dixerat; ille novo madidantes nectare pennas
 Concutit*, et glebas fecundo rore maritat,
 Quàque volat, vernus sequitur rubor. Omnis in herbas
 Turget humus, medioq; patent convexa sereno:
 Sanguineo splendore rosas, vaccinia nigro
 Induit, et dulci violas ferrugine pingit.*

Non tales volucer pandit Junonius alas:
 Nec sic innumeros arcu mutante colores
 Incipiens redimitur hyems, cum tramite flexo
 Semita discretis interviret humida nimbis.*

‘ Now Enna, parent of sweet flowers, beheld
 From her green mountain-top, the sacred train,
 And calling Zephyr to her side, who *play’d*
Low in the shady bosom of the vale,
 Thus spake—“ O grateful sov’reign of the spring,
 “ Who, *breathing soft assiduous gales around,*
 “ Through all this lovely valley reign’st supreme,
 “ Behold those beauteous nymphs, with yonder three,
 “ To Jove allied, met in our blooming fields,
 “ In sportive mood. O be thou near, and breathe
 “ Thy gentlest influence; let ev’ry bough
 “ Bud with fresh fragrance, so that Hybla’s self
 “ Might envy, and confess her gardens fair
 “ By these sweet bow’rs excell’d; let balmier airs
 “ Than rich Arabia’s dewy groves exhale,
 “ *Visit my shades with odors, such as steal*
 “ O’er soft Hydaspes’ wave, or, grateful, flow
 “ From that collected pile which the fam’d bird,
 “ Expectant of new life, rears in the east,
 “ Amid embow’ring woods: on all around
 “ Diffuse new bloom, so that the gods may seek
 “ This beauteous vale, and cull my various flow’rs.”
 She ended—and obedient *Zephyr shook*
More heavenly fragrance from his dewy wings,
 And fertiliz’d the earth; where’er he flies
 The blushing spring attends, and *on the mold*
Scatters fresh flow’rs, and scents the genial air;
 He tinges ev’ry rose with softer hues,
 And the blue violet paints with od’rous bloom.’ pp. 35, 36, 37.

‘ less gay
 The bird of Juno waves his splendid train,
 And Iris with inferior colors weaves

* Had Milton this in his mind when he wrote,
 ‘ And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill’d
 The circuit wide?’

Th' etherial woof, when the green fields and woods
Shine through the painted air.———

p. 37.

These last words are a strangely impertinent translation of Claudian's description of a rainbow.

' *Vico de pumice fontes
Roscida mobilibus lambebant gramina rivis.*

' The crystal fountains gush'd from *marble* rocks,'

It will be said, perhaps, that in taking notice of these trifles, we attach too much importance to language. It has, indeed, of late, been said, that language is nothing in poetry,—that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and that of metrical composition. The fact, perhaps, we may allow; that is, we may allow that there are subjects which should be treated in the same way, whether in prose or in verse; that in the vision of Mirza, for instance, and in the old 'Cumberland Beggar,' exactly the same language ought to be retained, if the one should be turned into verse, and the other into prose. But this is saying nothing against poetical language. This in no way goes to prove that 'to bring your language near to the real language of men,' is better to answer the ends of poetry. There are words and idioms perpetually made use of in common discourse, and inseparably connected in the mind with what is vulgar, low-minded, and disgusting. For this reason, they are unfit for poetry: express what passions you will in them, and how strongly soever, it will not affect. The truth of this, we think, Mr. Wordsworth has most unfortunately exemplified in many of his poems.

To refer to one instance among the many we might adduce, that strange and inordinate affection, which a mother is said to bear to an idiot child might be rendered, no doubt, highly affecting, and no one was more capable of rendering it so than Mr. Wordsworth; but he chose rather to adhere to his system, to tell us of the 'flurry' and 'quandary' of Betty; that Johnny's lips they burn,

' *As loud as any mill, or near it,*' &c. &c.

—and thus has given us a set of words, which, spite of all his attempts, will convey no ideas to the mind but such as they have been used to convey,—such as are vulgar, and inane, and unaffecting.

The fact is, that words do more than merely express a meaning; they apply, perhaps, more readily than any thing else, to the associating principle, and their direct sense is often lost or forgotten among the crowd of ideas that they thus indirectly introduce. Hence the necessity of culling words, of choosing

such as have not been contaminated by vulgar usage, such, on the contrary, as are poetical, as are *associated* in the minds of most people with poetical images and sentiments. They must indeed be judiciously picked and chastely combined, and in this labour the poet is to be distinguished from the tawdry versifier.

But it is time to return to Claudian. The Rape of Proserpine is the principal poem in the volume, and is of more general interest than most of the productions of Claudian; but it is altogether mythological. We very much doubt, indeed, whether Jupiter and Ceres, Bacchus, Flora, and the Furies, could have had so deep an interest even for a Roman, as our own elves and goblins have for us: they were seen in too broad a light, were too palpable, too corporeal. But however this may be, it is certain, that what interest soever they once had, they have now lost. Claudian has, however, a peculiar fondness for them; he cannot even give a history of Rufinus, without calling a Stygian council, and making Megæra his foster-mother. Yet there are, especially in the Rape of Proserpine, passages of fine poetry, and they are well translated. The entrance of Pluto and Proserpine into the infernal regions is very picturesque.

‘ And now the pallid ghosts in those waste realms
Assemble; numerous as fallen leaves,
Or sands, or waves, mov’d by autumnal gales.
The dead of ev’ry age haste on to view
The matchless bride.’——— p. 51.

‘ The realms of death rejoice, and buried forms
Are moved to gladness; pallid spectres taste
The genial banquet, and the sullen shades
Quaff the inspiring bowl with garlands crown’d.
Unwonted melody steals through the gloom:
And songs are heard where dreadful silence dwelt.
Hush’d is each lamentable sound of woe;
Stern Erebus relents his fiercer mood,
And glimm’ring twilight cheers eternal Night.
No longer Minos from th’uncertain urn
Deals various fate; no longer punishments
Are known, nor shrieks, nor doleful cries; the wheel
Torments no more Ixion’s gory shape,
Nor flies the cool wave from the burning lip
Of Tantalus: released Ixion rests,
And Tantalus the grateful liquor drinks.’ pp. 52, 53.

‘ The Fates then broke no thread of life; no voice
Of woe resounded; no sad parents wept
Upon their children’s bier: Death walk’d no more
Abroad. The seaman perish’d not by wreck,
Nor warriors by the sword; cities were free
From fun’ral rites; and Hell’s grim ferryman

With woven reeds adorn'd his rugged locks,
And, leaning on his idle oar, beguiled
His leisure with a song. Now Hesperus
Descended to th' infernal shades, and led
The virgin to the bridal bow'r. Night stood
Attendant, in bright constellations robed,
And glitt'ring stars; whilst happiest omens shed
Their kindly influence; applauses rung
Around; and wakeful melodies, in notes
Of soft congratulation, breathed these sounds:—' p. 54.

The complaint of Nature, on the different states of the earth
under the reigns of Saturn and Jove, is in a different style, but
equally well translated.

' " But Nature now is urgent in complaint,
" And, anxious for the mortal race, declares
" Our reign strict tyranny; and praising still
" The ages overflown, deems us severe,
" Rich in our own abundance, to deny
" Sufficient comfort to our needy sons;—
" ' Why, with unfertilizing hand,'—(she cries,)
" ' Fill you these meads with briars, and consume
" ' My plains with thirst? ah! why no longer crown
" ' Th' autumnal year with fruits! Lo! I, who late
" ' Was bounteous as a mother to the world,
" ' Now like some cold and thrifty step-dame seem
" ' Severely prudent!—Wherefore bid ye soar
" ' Man's thoughtful spirit! wherefore lift his head
" ' Erect in majesty; if pathless wilds
" ' He roams in search of food, like wand'ring herds,
" ' And shares with them their acorns! Such a life,
" ' Participate with brutes who howl in dens,
" ' And sylvan caves, affords no joy to man!' " " pp. 61, 62.

The reader may compare the charms and spells of the an-
cients, with the more powerful ones of Shakspeare and Scott.

' " Spurn not the help of age: to me belong
" The arts of magic, and that prescient glance
" Which pierces through futurity: those strains
" Whose deadly force steals from the radiant moon
" Her brightness, I have learn'd; and well can trace
" The wise Egyptian's lore, in mystic line,
" Or hieroglyphic rude, and that dark verse
" Chaldean, which compels the lab'ring Gods
" To work a mortal's will; nor from my sight
" Escape those hidden juices which reside,
" Of dire effect, in tree, or herb, or flow'r,
" On savage Caucasus, or Scythia's rocks,
" Pregnant with fatal charms; such as of old
" Medea chose, and that fair nymph renown'd,

" Circe, the radiant daughter of the sun.
 " Oft, by the midnight incantation roused,
 " I summon to my aid the pow'rs of hell,
 " With Hecate stern; and the reluctant dead
 " Pluck from their quiet graves; my thrilling song
 " Can steal the spirit from its mortal frame,
 " While the deluded Fates, with careful toil,
 " Spin on the useless thread; my charms displace
 " The rooted forest, and in rapid flight
 " Delay Jove's lightning: rivers backward roll,
 " And at my bidding hasten to their source."

p. 107, 8.

We add a specimen of the Translator's rhyme from the poem of the Phoenix.

' Conscious of age, and studious to restore
 His sinking frame to youthful grace once more,
 He culls each arid flower of rich perfume,
 And, weaving with Sabæan plants his tomb,
 Ascends the odorous pile; then in sweet lay,
 Pour'd feebly forth, invokes the god of day,
 With lowly pray'rs, to dart his fiercest fire,
 And life, and youth at once to re-inspire.
 Him when Apollo from on high beholds,
 His course he stays, and thus his will unfolds;
 " O thou, whose tomb prepared, and feigned grave,
 " Exulting youth, and days more joyous crave,
 " Whom still from death I snatch, too fair a prey,
 " Whose being finds renewal in decay,
 " Resume thy wonted beauty; I restore
 " Thy state, superior in its change!"—Nor more:
 From his bright hair, the god a beaming tress
 Of waving gold bestows, of power to bless
 With life and vital heat; the altar straight
 Consumes with fragrant fires; welcomes his fate
 The royal bird, wrapp'd in the eager flame
 Whose ardent force soon wastes his aged frame.
 ' Meanwhile the frightened Moon her course controls,
 And on their tardy axle sleep the poles;
 All Nature labors with the pregnant pyre,
 Fearing to see th' eternal bird expire;
 The faithful flames around the altar curl'd,
 Haste to restore the glory of the world;
 Soon through each part a fiery ardor glows,
 The veins once more a boiling tide o'erflows;
 Warm life again the deathless shape illumines,
 And the rude embers change to brilliant plumes;
 True image of his sire, on wings of flame
 Starts to fresh life the son, in form the same:
 Him so the next succeeds—the fiery tide
 Devours alone the barriers which divide
 One life exhausted, from an endless spring.'

pp. 166—168.

We have noticed one or two careless misapprehensions of the Author's meaning. To mitigate the wrath of Pluto, the Fates, says Claudian, threw themselves at his feet,

'Genibusque suas cum supplex vultu
Admovere manus, quarum sub jure tenentur
Omnia, quæ seriem fatorum pollice ducunt.'

Thus rendered :

'Embraced the knees of their immortal king,
Whose changeless will appoints the secret path,
Which destiny pursues.'

'Perlustrat, wanders through,' is rendered 'brightens,' p. 4. 'Celebrate, haunt,—'celebrate,' p. 125. 'Latonia,' the daughter of Latona, Diana, is changed into Latona; p. 47; and we rather suspect, in the same page, that 'Cyntho' is mistaken for Cynthio.

We meet also with some quantities which will hardly be tolerated by a classical ear, Nerē-us Penē-us, Tanā-is, Briarē-us, Simō-is, &c. several others. Mr. S., too, often enfeebles his lines by dragging out two perfectly short syllables into a foot; 'perpetu-al,' 'Vesuvi-us,' 'associ-ates,' 'unusu-al.'

We cannot approve such specimens of versification as the following :

'Of Vulcan slaves, I dread to lose; trembling;—
'Terrible in discord; nor did my hand,'————

On the whole, we repeat that we shall be glad to meet Mr. S. in some other shape than as the translator of Claudian. We are persuaded that he can do better things. At the same time, we certainly consider Claudian as worth translating, and may safely recommend this volume as the best version of the Roman Poet we have at present.

Art. IV. *The Bioscope; or Dial of Life, explained.* To which is added, a Translation of St. Paulinus's Epistle to Celantia, on the Rule of Christian Life: and an elementary View of General Chronology; with a perpetual Solar and Lunar Calendar. By the Author of "The Christian's Survey," &c. fœlschap 8vo. pp. 311. Price 12s. Miller, 1812.

THE book depends, for the propriety of its title, on a small detached accompaniment, a neat print of a Dial, with emblematical figures, and a moveable index, fitted with a paper case. This print exhibits seven-eighths of a circle, with each of these parts divided into ten degrees, representing the

* Granville Penn, Esq.

seventy years of human life. Against these seven divisions are written, in succession, the descriptive denominations, Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Vigour, Maturity, Decline, Decay; of which denominations one or two are somewhat arbitrarily applied to the respective stages. An eighth portion of the circle is left as open space, receiving an irradiation from Eternity. This illumination certainly gives a more consolatory and cheerful cast to the emblem; but when the darkness of futurity, and the awfulness of the ideas most naturally and habitually associated with eternity, are considered, it may be questioned whether an appearance of solemn shade would not have been more in analogy. Even if futurity were less dark, and if the generality of men could look towards it under the benefit of Christian hope, still, as the idea of death cannot be excluded, and as death, from the very cause of its appointment, and by reason of a thousand natural associations, must always have something in its aspect intimidating to the mortal race, the time will never come for it to be true to the actual general state of human feeling, to represent that side of the sphere of vision where eternity opens, as illuminated with a cloudless effulgence.

The contrivance must be acknowledged to be rather ingenious, though we should be a little apprehensive of its being too liable to be regarded as something like a toy, by those minds which have a watchful eagerness, and an almost instinctive faculty, for descrying whatever in serious and monitory representations is capable of being converted into the ludicrous. To this, sensible representations of moral truths are peculiarly exposed; because, for one thing, it is very difficult to fix on emblems so truly and comprehensively analogical as not to betray, to the vigilance of this wicked instinct, some unlucky point of incongruity; and also because it is difficult to prevent a certain character of littleness from adhering to emblems, either from the essential diminutiveness of the sensible objects constituting them, or from the circumstance that all sensible objects have, as such, by the necessity of their nature, a relative littleness as placed in association and comparison with abstract truths, and made representatives of them.

But, if men are resolute to be scoffers at serious instruction, they may be so in spite of any mode, and of all modes, of presenting truth; and it is not for the hazard of exciting their jocularity that we are to forego any of the expedients of instruction by which we may reasonably hope to benefit better disposed minds. Among those expedients we should think highly of the possibilities of sensible emblematical representations, however seldom those possibilities may have been realized. We want, to be sure, something less quaint and more dignified than many of the devices of old Francis Quarles; yet even from some

of them we can conceive it very possible that, in former times at least, many thoughtful, and some half-thoughtful, half-dissipated minds, have received useful suggestions and impressions. We shall not hesitate to acknowledge it among the recollections of our early years, that we were very strongly arrested and impressed by his series of representations of the stages and consumption of life, under the emblem of a taper, just lighted in the first picture, burnt progressively shorter in each following one, and consumed just to the socket in the last.

The 'Dial of Life' before us is not so strictly an emblem, as it does not directly represent, and, as it were, personate, life itself; but only exhibits an instrument for marking its divisions, and admonishing of its progress; but it thus belongs to the general designation of instruction pictured to the eye. And we cannot doubt that many an individual will receive from it an image on his mind, too strongly impressed to be ever effaced, and which will, hundreds of times in the course of his life, present itself afresh with a vivid aspect of admonition, when, but for this sensible representation, he might perhaps have forgotten the very serious and forcible instructions conveyed by the book. We must at the same time acknowledge that the Author has employed expressions of a confidence as to the efficacy of the device which we fear is too sanguine. His benevolence seems to forget, at moments, what a vast and melancholy number of minds there are that no device of human instruction can render serious long enough for even a monitory picture to be engraved on their imaginations. Under what a restricted application alone can the following assumptions be true!

'First: If I mistake not, the aspect of the Dial alone, presented for the first time to a mind capable of any serious reflection, must awaken some *new* and *unexpected* sensations. That unfinished circle, representing to our view the utmost averaged measure of time in which we can have any *personal* concern in the affairs of this earth; sending the memory back to the beginning of life, and the imagination forward to its termination; exhibiting a discernible *end*, and that end in immediate contact with ETERNITY: that aspect alone, must of necessity work a strong effect upon any ingenuous and contemplative spirit, even before we proceed to the *particular* uses to which it may be applied.

'But if, from this general survey, we proceed to direct the index to that particular degree upon the scale, which answers to the actual year of *our own age*, a new, and a livelier interest, will be immediately awakened: for, in beholding our *present* station on the Dial, we instantly, and in the same view, discern all the *past* and *future* of our earthly being. And although that perception, to be of any moral effect, must be an act of the mind itself, yet we shall be sensible, that the mental vision will be very powerfully assisted towards that act, by the visible figure presented to sight.'

Previously to any observations on the qualities of the book, we should just notice that the Author has assigned no reason for choosing to denominate, as he does repeatedly, seventy years the *average* length of human life. It is probably a mere inadvertency; but certainly a somewhat unaccountable one, as it is so familiarly understood, and indeed so obvious, that, adding together all the ages of all the human beings that die in any given number of years, and then dividing that aggregate by the number of the deaths, the number of years we shall obtain for each individual, that is, the *average* length of life, will hardly be so much as half this term of seventy years.

The general design of the work is to inculcate the duty of a serious attention to the rapid progress of life. And the Author has doubtless hoped to relieve the triteness of this most important topic by means of the device of the Dial, and the peculiarity of cast which his observations acquire from the frequency of reference to it. Certainly, this circumstance serves to give a kind of convergency to his ideas, which sometimes makes them strike more vividly, but, perhaps, in some small degree, at the expense of that kind of solemn magnitude which seems so peculiarly to belong to the subject of time, contemplated as leading to eternity.

The special view in which the subject is intended to be displayed, is that of strongly representing the necessity of a congruity between the respective stages of life, and the employments and the state of feeling pursued and indulged in them.

The Author begins a 'preliminary chapter with pointed observations on the remarkable fact of the difference between early and later life, as to the sentiment excited by the consideration of what is our age.'

'In the first ascent of life, we are apt to ask ourselves, "*How old am I?*" with so much overweening eagerness, that we seldom take time for making a sound reflection upon the answer. In the descent of life, we do not care to ask ourselves the question at all, and consequently, we have no answer to reflect upon. In the ascent, we press forward upon time, and prematurely assume the consequence and fruits of years. In the descent, we hang backward from the current of the stream, and persuade ourselves that we still retain the privileges, if not the ornaments, of youth. In both cases, the gradual and orderly process of nature is violently opposed by the irregularity of our minds; our thoughts become dissociated from our years; and hence arise, so frequently, those two unseemly characters in human life, presumptuous youth, and trifling old age.'

The consideration of the question why the Disposer of all things fixed on the term of seventy years, in preference to all other possible terms, for a general measure of the duration of human life, leads our Author a little too near the precincts of

the dark and disastrous speculations on free will, and the origin of evil, which all practical teachers should be warned to shun with a caution partaking of horror. We cannot wonder to see one more sensible writer utterly failing, as all speculators past have failed, and as all to come will fail, in the attempt to fit out the original human agent in a state of qualities so exquisitely adjusted between absolute and corruptible rectitude, between perfection and frailty, as to be exactly as liable to adopt evil, as competent to adhere to good. Though he would seem to carry it as if his readers ought to be quite satisfied with his representation, he betrays that himself is far from satisfied with it, by the emphatic expression in which he remarks the difference of condition between the *necessary* agents of the Divine will, (such as the powers of nature, and the animal tribes,) and the moral, voluntary, and pervertible agents.

‘ But there was a lamentable difference between the *fitness* of the two agents for accomplishing the purposes for which they were respectively formed. The *necessary* agents, acting only by the perfect attributes of the Creator, necessarily and always accomplished his purposes, at first as well as at last ; because there was in them a *secure* and *perfect* operation ; that of His own will. But the *moral* agents, who were required to act immediately from themselves, by conforming their wills to the rule prescribed by His will ; but, who, at the same time, were free in power to depart from that rule, by inclining in other directions, contained within themselves a principle of *insecurity*, which was not in the former : as every man must recognise in his own nature. Though rightly directed at their first formation, and endowed with a *capacity* to preserve that right tendency, they did not possess *in themselves* a determined and uniform *inclination* to the rule of the supreme will ; of which they were destined to be, not necessary *mechanical*, but moral and *self-determining* agents. The consequence was that *their agency failed.*’ p. 9.

The account of the defection of our nature is followed by a representation, cast into a philosophical form, of the present condition of man, with respect to his ultimate object, his Divine assistances, the mode of the formation of his character, and the full competence of seventy years as a period of preparation for his final state. But it is added, that there is so fatal a disposition to forget the rapid flight of time, as to render necessary an incessant application of all imaginable modes and contrivances of admonition. Among them the Bioscope is pronounced to be of such efficacy, that,

‘ — let any one but persist, for some length of time, in a familiar and daily intercourse with this dial, having the index always pointed to the number of the actual year of his life ; and it will be morally impossible, that his mind should not contract some *habits* of reflection upon the nature and value of time ; most salutary for the future

disposal of his life, and for regulating the correspondence between his thoughts and his years.'

'As each succeeding year, by causing the index to advance, continually changes the relative divisions of the scale, that is to say, the measures of time *past* and time *to come*, an intimacy contracted with the instrument will render us habitually mindful, that a year is actually passing over us which we must soon mark; and, from observing the *latter division* of the dial to be constantly and gradually *decreasing*, it will be impossible that a temper of caution and circumspection should not by degrees be formed, and at length finally established, in us. That *sensible demonstration* of the continual decrease of the forward division of the dial, must of itself impress us with a perfect conviction, that *our personal interest* in the range of life *decrease exactly in the same proportion*. And whoever has once received in his mind the impression of that great truth will regulate by it the ardour of his affections, and the sallies of his imagination, with respect to all objects whose importance is wholly confined within the limits of this *temporal life*. For who, that has once felt the full force of that *ocular demonstration*, will suffer himself to cherish disproportioned affections for the objects of this failing life, when he sees, that the index of his years has told out the greater number; and that it is now drawing his attention toward that terminating point, where it must necessarily close its functions.' p. 43.

Here we may remark, what has occurred to us in looking at the dial, that its adaptation to excite serious reflection and anticipation will probably be but little felt by persons in the earlier stages of life. So long as a person is on the juvenile side of the middle point of the scale, at least, if considerably on that side, there will be a strange aptitude to magnify, even in despite of the respective proportions placed palpably under the eye, the measure of the probable future (probable, as it will be assumed to be, notwithstanding its uncertainty) against that of the past. And in the case of a person of twenty, or even twenty-five, with high health and gay spirits, the index set against that point of the dial, might, we can conceive it possible, be made even to aid rather than repress the triumphs of a vain confidence over all the solemn monitions of the rapid shortening of his life. When it is thus verified to his eyes, in a sort of mathematical form, (a form which, he will be sure to recollect, is the best security against the delusions of imagination,) that he has actually expended not a third part, or scarcely more than a third part, of the probable length of his life, and when he reflects how long that first portion appears to have been, he will be very likely to indulge the most complacent self-flattery, that he has an immensity of time before him.

Several expedients, and particularities of attention, are recommended, for the purpose of acquiring a more distinct idea

of the brevity and transientness of life ; one of which is the following :

‘ It will be of the greatest service also to remark, how many lives of men we unconcernedly turn over, in a very few pages in many parts of history ; lives which, in their time, were as much animated with interest, crowded with incident, and tardy in their progress, as ours may now seem to be :—to make ourselves dwell upon *some one life*, of which a connected record subsists, and on the particulars of which we may be disposed to enter with minute concern ; to identify ourselves with the individual ; to live his life over again with him, to follow him, step by step, through all his passages and vicissitudes, to the closing scene of death ; and then, to contemplate him in his state of separation from life. Perhaps few such opportunities for this latter practice are afforded, as that which is to be found in the long epistolary life of the much admired, and highly estimable, Madame de Sévigné.’ p. 50.

In representing the folly of attaching a value to mere length of life, independently of the use and object of life, the writer takes occasion to express a deserved censure and contempt of the entire principle and object of a recently published but not widely known project, under the title of “ *the Macrobiotic Art, or the Art of prolonging Life*,” pretending to be a method of adding ten, or twenty, or more years to its ordinary term. Considering the poor and narrow ends held out in this project, he justly pronounces it to be ‘ the most melancholy speculation that has yet shewn itself to the world.’ It were easy to exemplify the humiliating effect on all the principles and schemes of action of this passion for prolonged living, as if it were a good absolutely. But we confess we are not perfectly pleased with the first part of the exemplification given by our Author.

“ What should we think of a youth, who should, in the smallest degree, care to govern his view of life by (that which is the avowed object of *the Macrobiotic Art*) the prospect of adding “ *ten, twenty, or even thirty years, of comfortable existence to the end of his seventieth year?*” Let such a one not court a dangerous duty, upon the fields or waves of glory, &c.’

It would answer no end to deny that there might be a war, and that there may have been wars, substantially clear, on one side, of course, of ambition, pride, and revenge ; a war waged under the most direct compulsion of necessity and justice, and no further than that compulsion ; a war for the defence of innocent weakness, for the preservation of the most plain and indispensable rights, for the prevention of a gross iniquity, and for nothing more than these objects, conscientiously and moderately defined. Probably a war which existed but a very few

weeks since, will occur to many of our readers as an instance. But when it is considered how very rarely there has been, or how very improbable it is there will be, a war answering in even a moderate degree, to this description,—how vain and wicked it is to hazard life in any war that does *not* answer to this description,—how very seldom therefore in the lapse of ages there can be any such thing as ‘fields and waves of glory,’—and at the same time what accursed and unlimited mischief has been done by the universal practice of associating ideas of ‘glory’ with feats of valour, regarded abstractedly from the motive and the cause:—considering all this, we think we can never be wrong in condemning, emphatically, a loose, unqualified way of extolling the military character; nor can we be far wrong in condemning the ready assumption, in the case before us, that the daring and aspiring ‘youth’ here meant to be brought in view by the supposition of an opposite character, will be solemnly and punctiliously conscientious in first examining the justice of the cause that calls him to these ‘fields and waves of glory.’ Alas! the probability is that this unfortunate ‘youth,’ who is to feel so noble a scorn of the grovelling projects for the security and protraction of life, is entering on war merely as a professional business, which he is to prosecute zealously without ever giving his understanding and conscience the trouble of one serious reflection on the justice or injustice of its enterprises, his duty being simply to execute what he is appointed to; and our Author’s incautious mode of repeating the common and pernicious language about ‘glory,’ will certainly tend to confirm his thoughtless confidence in the rectitude of such a plan of life.

We hardly need notice that our Author’s reprehension of the solicitude for long life, is accompanied by an inculcation of the importance of health. He would join in the applause of De Witt, who is described as ‘careful of his health, and negligent of his life.’

He exhibits his Dial in the three characters, of Monitor, Remembrancer, and Comforter; and proceeds to illustrate the mode and benefit of its application in these characters to each of the successive stages of life. There is much force and beauty in the admonitions addressed to the young, and considerable point and dexterity in the manner of making the Bioscope warn them against the presumption that they shall live through the whole sequel of years lying beyond the point which the index marks as their present year. We transcribe an elegant and pleasing paragraph, describing with some truth, but we fear with a considerable mixture of poetry, the happy combination of religion with the feelings of childhood.

‘And here let me observe, that there is no season of life in which the bright comforts of religion, afforded in the prospect of a life in

heaven, are so sensibly and purely felt, as in that of a guileless and religious childhood. That this should be so, will not surprise us when we reflect, that Christ himself has pointed out *that age* as the best representation of the inhabitants of heaven. That it is so in fact, all those can testify, whom God has blessed with the commerce of young minds, grounded in religion, and practised to religious obedience. The spring of youth is more congenial to the temperature of celestial joy, than either the summer, the autumn, or the winter of years. And, if a relish for that joy be imbibed in that age, it will tincture, with the lustre and serenity of spring, all the succeeding seasons of life. A chastened exaltation of the mind, will be the natural and certain consequence of such a temper; than which nothing can so well fit us for duly combining our services to God and man, while we remain here, under our discipline of trial.

There is in the admonitory reflections on each of the succeeding periods of life a very cogent seriousness, which acquires a still more impressive solemnity as the work advances towards a view of its concluding stage. There are some pointed observations on the reluctance to admit the application of the epithet *old* to given periods of life—for instance to the age of sixty—which nature has most clearly brought within the limits subject to that denomination. There is a striking reprehension of a delusion which we will quote the Author's own words to expose.

‘And here I shall take occasion to remark, that there is not a more common or more delusive error, (and which, however soothing it may be to the imagination, is most treacherous to the reason,) than that of looking forward to old age as *a station*, in which we are to halt, and take our rest, at the close of the journey of life. For, first, we may never attain old age, and then, how mischievous must be the illusion of living always with a view to a period at which we never shall arrive. “The laws of probability,” said Mr. Gibbon, at the age of fifty-two, “so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow me about fifteen years. I shall soon enter the period which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgement and experience of the sage Fontenelle.” But the sage Fontenelle said so upon the retrospect, and not on the prospect. Mr. Gibbon died within five years.

‘But, suppose that we shall attain to old age; still, we shall find it no stationary post, or place of halting. To look to old age as *a station*, and to console ourselves, as we travel on in life, with the prospect of that imaginary station, is as if a man were journeying from Bath to London, and looked forward for his repose between Kensington and Hyde-Park Corner. The three or four last miles of that journey, will well answer to the last years of the journey of life. The traveller will certainly only look for his repose when he shall be arrived at his home in *the Capital*.’ ‘And so in the journey of life. The last years of life neither promise, nor administer any period of *retreat in themselves*; for life proceeds as fast, (nay, sensibly faster,) in old age as in any other part of its course; it can then only be in the *near prospect* of retreat, not in the possession of it.’

Mr. Gibbon is again introduced, with some very serious comments on the state of feeling in which he expressed his anticipations of the closing period of life, and the gloomy thoughts which he sometimes sent forward beyond its termination. A forcible contrast is drawn between this disconsolate perverter of the public mind, and Addison, viewed in his last moments. It was proper to select a *literary* person for the bright side of the contrast, but we may doubt whether Addison was exactly the one required, and may feel some little defect of sympathy with the very animated sentiments with which our Author contemplates the character.

With the most cordial and respectful admiration of the excellent Sir W. Jones, our Author censures his celebrated *Andrometer*, as a 'visionary and deceptive' scheme of life.

Nearly forty pages are occupied with the Epistle of Paulinus, bishop of Nola, written about the year 400, to Celantia, a Roman Christian lady, who had urged him to draw out for her a brief and easily applicable rule of Christian life. Our Author says it has never before been translated into English. It certainly was worth translating; it is earnest, simple, practical, and devout; but not in the least distinguished by any thing prominently eloquent or powerfully intellectual.

The 'Elementary View of General Chronology,' is a very useful addition, furnishing much information in a brief and perspicuous form.

We dismiss the book with a very cordial respect for the Author, and a confidence that the book will contribute very essentially to the most important improvement of many readers. It is the work of a practised, a very amply instructed, and a devout thinker. It conveys a kind of admonition emphatically necessary, and not often conveyed so well. We have seldom seen seriousness so graceful.

Art. V. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London*, for the Year 1812. Parts I. and II. *Mathematical Papers*.

PAPERS devoted to the more abstruse sciences, in the periodical volumes of the London Royal Society, are gradually increasing both in number and in importance; but the *Philosophical Transactions* are still inferior in this respect to the successive volumes published by the French Institute, and even to those laid before the world by the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg. We rejoice, however, to notice an obvious improvement; and hope the time is not far distant, when the talents of English mathematicians will be as well known and appreciated on the Continent, through the medium of the London *Philosophical Transactions*, as they were previously to the un-

happy proceedings in the Royal Society which caused the secession of so many valuable members in the year 1784.

The first two papers in the present volume, are by Mr. James Ivory, of the Royal Military College.

I. 'On the grounds of the method which Laplace has given in the second chapter of the third book of his *Mécanique Céleste*, for computing the Attractions of Spheroids of every description.'

II. 'On the Attraction of an extensive class of Spheroids.'

These papers occupy eighty pages, and are extremely valuable. All who have attended to the theory of physical astronomy, are aware both of the importance and of the difficulty of the general problem relative to the attractions of spheroids, when applied to the figures and actions of the planetary bodies. Much was done by Maclaurin, Euler, Dalember, Lagrange, and Legendre, in succession. But Laplace, in his admirable disquisition on the figure of the planets, has been regarded as having made the nearest approximation to a complete solution: his investigations, indeed, having, with one or two exceptions, been acquiesced in, and adopted, by all his contemporaries. Laplace, in his inquiries, did not seek directly an expression of the attractive force, but investigated the value of another function, from which the attractive force in any proposed direction may be inferred by means of easy algebraic operations. His method is extremely ingenious and elegant; but Mr. Ivory shows that it is not to be relied upon, because it comprises an inaccurate theorem.

'I cannot grant (says he) that the demonstration which he has given of his proposition is conclusive. It is defective and erroneous, because a part of the analytical expression is omitted without examination, and rejected as evanescent in all cases; whereas it is so only in particular spheroids, and not in any case on account of any thing which the author proves. Two consequences have resulted from this error; for, in the first place, the method for the attraction of spheroids, as it now stands in the *Mécanique Céleste*, being grounded on the theorem, is unsupported by any demonstrative proof; and secondly, that method is represented as applicable to all spheroids differing but little from spheres, whereas it is true of such only as have their radii expressed by functions of a particular class.'

Mr. Ivory proceeds, though with all that deference which is due to the very extraordinary genius and acquirements of M. Laplace, to retrace the steps of his investigation; whence, and by occasionally diverging for a short period into another tract, he renders evident both the error of the profound French philosopher, and the cause of it. He shews fully, that Laplace's theorem, which, in the law of attraction which obtains in nature, is contained in Equation (2) No. 10, Liv. 3^e, *Mécanique Cé-*

lest, is exclusively confined to that class of spheroids which, while they differ little from spheres, have, moreover, their radii expressed by rational and integral functions of a point in the surface of a sphere. Our ingenious examiner, however, admits, that notwithstanding the defect in the theorem, 'the real utility and value of Laplace's selection of the problem of attractions will not be *much* diminished by its failing in that degree of generality which its author conceived it to possess.'

An Appendix to this paper contains an account of some investigations of M. Lagrange's, directed to the same object; and shows that they fully confirm the reasonings and observations of Mr Ivory.

In the second of these papers, Mr. Ivory proceeds to investigate the attractions of a very extensive class of spheroids, of which the general description is, that they have their radii expressed by rational and integral functions of three regular co-ordinates of a point in the surface of a sphere. This class comprehends the sphere, the ellipsoid, both sorts of elliptical spheroids of revolution, and an indefinite number of other figures, as well such as can be generated by the revolution of curves about their axes, as others which cannot be so described. The problem of attractions is well known to contain two cases. I. When the density of the attracting body is uniform throughout. II. When it varies according to any given law. The first of these is that in which the difficulties occur, and is that to which Mr. Ivory has directed his attention. His mode of procedure is exceedingly elegant and ingenious; and in the course of it, he has struck out a real and important discovery; for he has demonstrated *that the attraction of a homogeneous ellipsoid upon any external point, whatever, may be reduced by an ingenious and simple transformation to that of a second ellipsoid upon a point within it.* It is not a little curious to remark that, while this discovery seems comparatively to have been little regarded among English mathematicians, it has been highly extolled by our Continental neighbours, one of whom, M. Legendre, when speaking of it, says, 'Thus the difficulties of analysis which the problem exhibited disappear at once; and a theory which belonged to the most abstruse parts of mathematics, may now be explained in all its generality in a manner almost entirely elementary.'

Mr. Ivory's method consists in causing the surface of a second ellipsoid to pass through the external point. The principal sections of this second ellipsoid, are situated in the same planes, and referred to the same foci, as the corresponding sections of the given solid. Then upon the surface of the first ellipsoid a point is taken, such that each of its co-ordinates is to the corresponding ordinate of the exterior point, in the same ratio as

the analogous semi-axes of the two ellipsoids: the point thus assumed will be *within* the second ellipsoid, and its attraction may be calculated parallel to each of the three axes of that ellipsoid. In order to deduce the three attractions of the external point to the first ellipsoid, it is only necessary to multiply those of the second by the ratios between the products of the other two axes in the respective ellipsoids. If the proposed spheroid differ little from a sphere, the series which express the attractions become very convergent. In all cases the investigation is extremely elegant; and though in some particulars it is susceptible of improvement, it proves that Mr. Ivory is profoundly acquainted with the sublimer departments of analysis, and it will obtain for him an honourable rank among mathematical philosophers.

Two of the papers in the present volume, viz. the 5th and the 12th, contain Dr. Herschel's observations upon two comets which appeared in the winter of 1811—1812, with remarks on their probable construction. We are not converts to Dr. Herschel's theory respecting these singular bodies; though it is but fair to remark that the celebrated Laplace has adopted it, as appears from a dissertation he has published in the *Connaissance des Temps, pour l'an 1816*. Herschel's hypothesis is, in brief, this:—he regards comets as small nebulae formed by the condensation of the nebulous matter which is spread with so much profusion throughout the universe. Comets become thus, with regard to the solar system, what aëroliths are, probably, relatively to the earth. When these stars first become visible to us, they present a resemblance to nebulae so perfect, that they are frequently confounded with them; so that, it is only by their motion, or by an acquaintance with all the nebulae comprised in the part of the sky where they appear, that we are able to distinguish them. For the full detail of this hypothesis, and some ingenious applications of it, to the two comets here observed and described, we must refer to Dr. Herschel's papers.

The 16th paper in the volume, is 'On the attraction of such solids as are terminated by Planes, and on Solids of greatest attraction.' By Thomas Knight, Esq. The general problem here solved is thus enunciated:—'Any solid, regular or irregular, terminated by plane surfaces, being given, to find, both in quantity and direction, its action on a point given in position, either within it or without it.' This general problem is considered under forty subordinate ones; and the discussion is thrown into five sections. 1. 'Of the attraction of planes bounded by right lines.' 2. 'Of the attraction of pyramids, and generally of any solids whatever that are bounded by planes.' 3. 'Of the attraction of prisms.' 4. 'Of the attraction of cer-

tain solids not terminated by planes.' 5. 'Of solids of greatest attraction.'

The investigation is conducted with tolerable accuracy, though not, we think, with much elegance, the whole being too much wire-drawn. We have not in the perusal been struck with many novel or important results: but we confess we were rather surprised at Mr. Knight's observation, that the only person who had preceded him extensively in this line of inquiry, was Mr. Playfair. There is a strange propensity in the minds of some men to forget the obligations under which this class of investigations lies to the labours of Dr. Hutton in relation to Mount Schichallin, and the determination of the point of greatest attraction in a hill. The Philosophical Transactions, however, do not furnish the best place in which to manifest such negligence and forgetfulness, because it was in the early volumes of these Transactions that Dr. Hutton's inquiries as to this very point were first given to the world.

The 15th paper in the present volume is also by Mr. Knight, and relates to 'the penetration of a hemisphere by an indefinite number of equal and similar cylinders.' *Viviana* and *Bossut*, as is well known to mathematicians, long ago developed some curious propositions in reference to the piercing of hemispheres by cylinders. They constitute individual cases of Mr. Knight's problem which is general: viz. 'To pierce a hemisphere, perpendicularly on the plane of its base, with any number of equal and similar cylinders; of such a kind, that, if we take away from the hemisphere those portions of the cylinders that are within it, the remaining part shall admit of an exact *cubature*: and if we take away, from the surface of the hemisphere, those portions cut out by the cylinders, the remaining surface shall admit of an exact quadrature.' Mr. Knight here employs the word cylinder to denote any right prism with a symmetrical curvilinear base: and he exhibits a simple solution to the problem, by means of an elegant construction, which we regret that we cannot render intelligible independent of a diagram.

No 17 of the volume before us, is one which we are astonished to see inserted in the Philosophical Transactions. It is entitled, 'Observations on the Measurement of three Degrees of the Meridian, conducted in England by Lieut. Col. William Mudge. By Don Joseph Rodriguez.' It is written apparently for the unworthy object of casting discredit upon a great and important national work; though, happily, the attack being made on an impregnable fortress, and being moreover conducted very unskillfully, has failed altogether. Don Rodriguez, however, a foreigner, and one who had been united with some of the French mathematicians in measuring a degree in the

neighbourhood of Barcelona, is permitted, during a war between the two nations, to occupy, in the Transactions of the Royal Society, thirty pages, in drawing an unfair comparison between the talents and skill of the French and those of the English observers; in pretending to detect an error of *four and a half seconds* in a series of zenith distances, where no such error was to be found; and in attempting to make it appear that *nothing* as to this important and interesting class of investigations, was effected previously to the French Revolution, nor after it, except by the French themselves! We have no inclination to assume a harsh tone even on such an occasion: yet we must say, that nothing but great weakness of judgement, or great unworthiness of motive, in those who, in 1812, had the management of the Royal Society publications, could have permitted the insertion of so despicable a dissertation as this. Nor do we wish to dwell upon so ungracious a topic; especially, as we have reason to believe that the few members of 'the council,' who thus committed themselves, have long ago been ashamed of their conduct, and, because the public decision has been some time formed upon this question. Dr. Gregory's animadversions upon Don Rodriguez, in No. 159 of Nicholson's Philosophical Journal, and No. 179 of Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, have exposed the general fallacy of that writer's reasonings, and proved that it is *absolutely impossible* in the nature of things that there can be an error of the magnitude the Don pretends, or indeed *any* appreciable error. The Chevalier Delambre also, who has entered very candidly into this question, in the *Connaissance des Temps, pour l'an 1816*, gives it as his opinion that such an error in the observations, is *highly improbable*; and complains that Don Rodriguez's examination is partial, and not sufficiently far extended. Indeed, the only person, so far as we know, who has ventured to state in public his *approbation* of Don Rodriguez's attempt, and his belief in the accuracy of his charges, is Dr. Thomas Thomson. But what pretensions Dr. Thomson has to intermeddle in a question of astronomy, or what satisfaction he can derive from permitting himself to be made the tool of others in such a question, we are at a loss to conjecture. Some years ago he published a book on chemistry, which, to the best of our recollection, was neither much admired, nor much censured: last winter he delivered some prosing, somnific lectures on the same subject in the Surrey Institution: he is also the Editor of a Journal of Natural Philosophy, in which he has already attained some celebrity for not knowing the meaning of the word *genie*, and for the acrimony with which he animadverts on those of his chemical correspondents who do not agree with him; and he has produced a crude book of Travels into Sweden,

and a cruder History of the Royal Society *. But all this, makes him neither an astronomer, nor a judge of astronomical matters : and we really regret for his own sake that *any* considerations (we have no desire to unravel them) should have tempted him to take part in a discussion to which he is so obviously incompetent.

The last paper we have now to notice, is No. 19, 'On a periscopic Camera Obscura and Microscope. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.' This gentleman, three or four years ago, drew the attention of the public, to what he regarded as a *new* construction of spectacles, under the denomination of *periscopic*, but what is, in fact, only a revival of the meniscus glass, which had been employed seventy years ago for the same purpose. The Doctor's object was to increase the field of distinct vision ; an object which was in some measure obtained, though the construction necessarily produces some disadvantages. The benefits, however, resulting from his contrivance, became augmented when applied to the Camera Obscura. He makes the lens a meniscus, with the curvatures of its two surfaces nearly in the ratio of two to one ; and this meniscus is so placed, that its concavity is presented to the objects, and its convexity towards the plane on which the images are formed. The aperture of the lens he makes four inches, its focus at about twenty-two. He places also a circular opening, two inches in diameter, at about one-eighth of the focal length of the lens from its concave side, for the purpose of determining both the quantity and the direction of the rays that are to be transmitted. This construction is throughout ingenious, and will doubtless be found preferable to the common Camera Obscura.

Dr. Wollaston then proceeds to adopt the 'periscopic principle' to the improvement of the microscope and the Camera lucida : but we have not room to detail the peculiarities of their respective constructions. Indeed, we think the whole paper, though by no means void of ingenuity, is *rather* fitter for insertion in a monthly philosophical journal, than in the Philosophical Transactions.

* See Eclectic Rev. vol. viii. p. 1000.

Art. V.
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VOL.

Art. VI. *Sermons*, designed chiefly for the use of Villages and Families. By Thornhill Kidd. 8vo. pp. 442. price 8s. 12mo. price 5s. Pontefract printed. Gale, Curtis, and Co. London. 1814.

IN our last number we had occasion to remark the very small proportion of works, bearing the indefinite title of *Sermons*, which are adapted to domestic or social reading. It is far from improbable, indeed, that many an excellent volume of the kind desired, may, from the want of the attraction of a name, or from some circumstance of arbitrary recommendation, have been suffered to sink into oblivion. Even when possessed of acknowledged merit, *Sermons* are not likely to obtain that lasting attention, which might preserve them beyond the period of ephemeral existence. There exists a prejudice which leads us to hold indiscriminately in light estimation compositions of which there is so immense a quantity constantly produced; and Dissenters may, perhaps, be suspected to extend to written *Sermons*, the impatient dislike with which they endure the repetition of discourses delivered by the preacher. Yet it might be sufficient to rescue this class of compositions from this disadvantage, that there are so few who have excelled, while so many have easily attained mediocrity, if it were not that the title of '*Sermons*' has become too generally a sign of ephemeral or uninteresting productions, to awaken attention, and that where the title of a work affords no clue to the judgement, few readers are competent to select for themselves, or to appreciate those of distinguished excellence.

It will, however, be readily allowed that we have but few collections of *Sermons*, adapted to families and to village reading. They require in the author a peculiar talent; or, if we were called upon to give in one word the leading and almost sufficient qualification for this peculiar mode of instruction, we should rather say, provided there be a moderate degree of real talent, simplicity of mind. By this, we mean a rarer attribute than genius;—a simplicity, which, averse to exaggerate the truth, or any part of the truth, in order to render it impressive, refuses, on the other hand, to abate or qualify the truth in any of its properties, to render it more palatable, but preserves a directness of aim, and trusts for success to the authority which enforces the message:—a simplicity which will not permit the mind to content itself with the mechanical discharge of the sacred functions, how successful soever, or with the achievement of mere correctness of method or of system, but which is ever prompting the energies of feeling to secure, with the assent of the understanding, the effectual sympathy of the hearers, in relation to subjects of common and of infinite interest. Whatever admiration may be excited by the powers of oratory, the

heart never yields but from sympathy; and its sympathy is never awakened, till, by that undescribable animation which the genuine earnestness of sincerity imparts to the tone and the gesture of the rudest orator, to the unfinished period of the simplest composition, it is convinced that what is asserted to be true, is, by the speaker himself, believed to be real, and felt to be important.

We have no hesitation in passing the encomium of simplicity thus defined, of animated piety, of correctness both of sentiment and of expression, on these Discourses by Mr. Kidd. They convey a very pleasing idea of the Author, as a faithful and affectionate pastor; and are well calculated to protract to a late day the period of his usefulness. It will be remembered, that it is particularly for the object for which they are designed, that we speak of them; and we do not scruple to recommend them as some of the best Sermons we have seen, in respect to the choice of subjects, to length, and to practical character. As to doctrinal sentiments, they are moderate and explicit; maintaining at once the dictates and the *tone* of Scripture: and what will perhaps best convey an idea of their peculiar merit, they are such as will be found interesting as well as intelligible, in audiences of the description for which they are intended; and they are the more valuable as being faithfully illustrative of the passages of Scripture, which are selected for the subjects.

The following extract from the first Sermon, 'The Way to Life,' from Isaiah liii. 3. will convey an idea of the general style in which they are written.

'3. The advantage promised in the text is a great advantage. "Your soul shall *live*." We all have some idea what life is, and we know how highly it is valued. What will not a man do, or even endure, for the sake of natural life? But here is the life of the soul: "Hear, and your *soul* shall *live*!" This advantage must be of peculiar magnitude, as the soul is unspeakably more excellent than the body; and as eternity is of infinitely higher moment, than the fleeting shadow of time. The life of the soul! What does it denote? What does it include? Doubtless its pardon and acceptance in the sight of God; its union with Christ by a new and living faith; and especially, its acquaintance experimentally with the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit. A man whose soul lives is "a new creature;" he is "born again from above;" he is "begotten again with the word of truth, unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Once he was blind, now he sees; once he was lost, now he is found; once he was dead in sins, now he is alive, and lives to God, and this life is evidenced, and ought to be much more so, by walking "in newness of life:" by maintaining holiness "in all manner of conversation."

'The commencement of the life of the soul is in regeneration, in its first conversion to God; and its progress, is in its spiritual im-

provement; its growth in grace; the increasing strength and vigour of its faith, hope, and love; its more settled peace, and abounding consolation. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day; and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted."* And the completion of this life is in Heaven: "Hear, and your souls shall *live*," after this frail body is dead and mouldered in the dust; after this earth, and all that is in it, are burnt up.—"Your soul shall *live*," when death itself is dead: in that blessed state where "there is no more sorrow, nor crying, neither is there any more pain; for the former things are passed away."†—"Your soul shall *live*," among the spirits of the just made perfect; in the society of holy angels: in the immediate presence of God himself—"shall *live*," in a state of perpetual nearness to the Fountain of Life and Happiness; in a state of intimate communion with him, of entire conformity to him, of the full and eternal enjoyment of him! But finally,

4. It is a *sure* advantage. This deserves to be distinctly noticed. Here is no peradventure in the case; no perhaps it may be so. The fact is clear and certain as the truth of God can make it. "Hear, and your soul shall *live*!" Who is he that hath made this declaration; that hath "given to us this exceeding great and precious promise?" It is "God that cannot lie" It is "Jehovah that changeth not." To change, or to deceive, is as impossible as that he should cease to exist. He "cannot deny himself!" Rest assured, therefore, that what he hath spoken he will accomplish; what he hath promised, he will bring to pass? The Saints have enemies, who oppose their happiness, who would gladly destroy their peace, and even extinguish their better life; all their efforts, however, are fruitless and their dark designs shall prove abortive! "Because *I live*;" says the Saviour to his disciples, "Ye shall live also."‡ pp. 11—14.

The reflections in the conclusion of the second Sermon, on the subject of the Excommunicated Man, mentioned in the 9th chapter of John, may be given as a specimen of what is usually styled the application, of these Discourses.

1. Men may *suffer* for the sake of Christ.
2. They who suffer for the sake of Christ, shall *lose nothing* by it.
3. To act *honestly*, according to the light we have, is the way to be favoured with *greater illumination*.
4. The radical importance of *faith* in Jesus Christ is here taught in the question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"
5. When we are most in earnest in our enquiries after Christ, *then he is nearest to us*.—"Who is he, Lord?"
6. The more we know of Christ, the *greater honour* we shall render to him. Yes, we shall exclaim, with this man, "Lord I believe;" we shall fall down and "worship him." Brethren, give him the homage of your hearts, the glory which is due unto his Name!

* Ps. lxxxix. 15, 16. † Rev. xxi. 4. ‡ John xiv. 19.

Is it not enjoined, "that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father?" † Honour the Son, therefore, as a Saviour, by submitting to be saved by him. Honour him as a teacher, by sitting at his feet, and learning his words. Honour him as a Sovereign, by yielding subjection to his government, and willing obedience to his laws. The better you know him, the more scriptural and steady will be your faith; the more easy and pleasant your practical compliance with his will. Honour him, not only by acts of worship; but by proving yourselves decidedly his disciples; by following him fully and by serving him faithfully; remembering this word which he hath said—"Where I am, there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my Father honour." ‡ p. 33—34.

The fourth Sermon is a very ingenious and interesting exposition of the narrative in the book of Daniel of the three Hebrew youths who were cast into the fiery furnace for refusing to bow down to the golden image. We shall give, as our last specimen, the fourth particular, in which the Author remarks the 'Steady Resolution,' which in combination with the 'Dignified Composure,' 'Decided Piety,' and 'Believing Confidence,' those noble confessors exhibited in that fiery trial.

'4. *Steady Resolution*, at all events to obey God rather than man. Mark what they say, "But if not," though it should not please the Almighty to interpose by miracle for our deliverance; though he should suffer us to fall into thy hand, and to fall by it—"be it known unto thee O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Here we see the strength of religious principle, and how powerfully it operated! These three young men are called "children;" || were they not rather *champions*? They rank high among the worthies of the kingdom of God!

'A variety of considerations might have shaken their constancy, and led them to a compliance. They might have reasoned thus—'We are not required to abjure our God, or expressly to declare our approbation of an idol, but only to bow down before it; and can we not do this with a secret reserve of mind? We are not called to a constant course of idolatry, but only to one single act; it can be done at once, and the danger is over.' They might have pleaded—'We are strangers and captives here, not at our own disposal; is not the man who requires this act answerable for its guilt? Besides, is he not our benefactor? Do we not lie under many obligations to him?' They might have thought—'Did not most of our countrymen practise idolatry; not once only, but frequently, and with far less temptation than we have; why should we be more scrupulous than they?' And might they not have thought—'By this easy compliance, we shall secure our future usefulness; our lives will be spared, our places will be kept, our credit at court preserved, and thus we shall be able to do much good to the church for many years to come? You see,

† John v. 23. ‡ Ch. xii. 26.

|| Ch. i. 4.

much might have been said on the side of *yielding*; but all was silenced by a simple regard to the revealed will of God.—“Thou shalt not bow down to any images, nor serve them.”* Indeed when we consider the situation of these persons; how they were circumstanced; without any to countenance or encourage them; the whole Empire against them, and the fiery furnace before them; we shall allow, as one observes, “that this instance of heroic constancy in a good cause, was scarcely ever equalled, and was never exceeded by any mere man, since the beginning of the world.”

‘Let me advert here to the disposition of many professors of religion, in the present day. Could not you have got over this difficulty without hazarding your life? Would you not have temporized a little? Would you not have *yielded*, and then, by some expedient, have settled matters with your conscience? Yes, some of you have settled much more difficult points. You have complied with the world on very slight temptation. You have run into sin without the least excuse, except the vile propensity of a depraved heart. Am I not speaking the truth?—And have not you, in all this, contrived to preserve a kind of rest? Have not you found a variety of opiates, which for a season, have kept all quiet within? You have whispered to yourself, “I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of my heart.”† Let sin be viewed in its own deformity; let the heart be known in its real deceitfulness; and we shall all discover the abundant cause we have for humiliation and shame. Thank God, there is grace sufficient for the most guilty; there is a remedy provided suited to the deepest disease of the soul; there is a glorious deliverer whose ability to save is more than equal to our largest wants.’ pp. 96—98.

These Discourses are twenty-six in number: many of them are upon subjects taken from the historical parts of Scripture; and the selection has evidently been made with a view to an interesting variety.

We are very happy to have just received the intimation, that Mr. Kidd has a second volume of Discourses in the press. We hope that it will have the advantage of a London press, as the external appearance of the first volume, is by no means calculated to aid in promoting its circulation.

Art. VII. *Lara, a Tale.—Jacqueline, a Tale.* Foolscep 8vo. pp. 128. Price 7s. 6d. London, Murray, 1814.

WE have, in the first of these poems, a sequel to “The Corsair.” Whether Lord Byron thought that the narrative demanded a sequel, or that the character, a favourite production, probably, of its Author’s, seemed to require further development, — whether he thought that it would subserve a moral purpose, to exhibit, in their progressive tendency and ulti-

* Exod. xx. 5. † Deut. xxix. 19.

mate result, the gloomy passions of such a being as Conrad, or whether his Lordship wrote 'Lara' simply to form a companion poem to his friend Rogers's *Jacqueline*, we are not curious to inquire. Whatever was the cause of its being written, the reader will not regret that any circumstance should have operated as an inducement sufficiently strong, to change his Lordship's determination not to appear again before the public in the poetical character; nor will he discern, we think, any reason for even the slight concealment of his name.

It will be unnecessary, in this place, to repeat the opinion of the merits and tendency of Lord Byron's poems, which we expressed at length in our review of "*The Corsair*." (See the Number for April, in our last Volume.) In the character of *Lara*, a moral picture of still darker features, and of instruction still more forcible, is presented. Unless it be conceived that the very contemplation of such portraits tends to awaken in our minds a dangerous degree of sympathy, by which, for the time, we are made in feeling too closely to resemble the being we survey, we cannot see on what ground their moral tendency can be disputed. The interest produced by '*Lara*,' however, will be found to be of a much less dubious nature than that which Conrad excited, partaking in a greater degree of pity mingled with deprecation and horror, and involving less of admiration, than the former poem. The character is made to approximate nearer to that state of fixed and consummate hardness, the result of deepened habit, which forbids all hope of change, and leaves to fondness no endearing trait to fasten upon. It might have been doubted, whether such a character could have been rendered interesting as a subject of poetry; and we are inclined to believe that, in itself, unrelieved by other objects, it would not have appeared appropriate or interesting. The secret of our sympathy with Conrad, is his love of Medora.

' He was a villain,—aye, reproaches shower
On him, but not the passion or its power,
Which only shewed, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one.'

In like manner, the interest of *Lara* is, we think, almost entirely derived from the romantic passion of his page—of Gulnare. Nothing can be finer than the contrast which is presented by the love of Medora, and that of Gulnare: it is brought out and sustained by the poet with singular fidelity and delicacy, and gives to each poem a distinctly separate character. Love, in its most pathetic form, is the prominent feature, the strongly-working charm of both. In the one, it is the sunbeam which, thrown across the dark and stormy character of Conrad, lights up its clouds and shadows with the glory of moral beauty;—in

the other, it is the fatal offspring of the storm itself, the lightning, whose dreadful illumination serves to heighten its terrific grandeur, and which is seen at last spending its dying fires on the wreck. To make ourselves more clearly understood, we shall give, at once, in lieu of any formal analysis of the poem, the death of Lara, the scene to which the whole poem may be considered as the mere frame or setting. One such passage in a poem is, indeed, sufficient to give interest and value to any number of lines which may be necessary to introduce it; and it is such a passage as, we believe, no contemporary of his Lordship's could have produced.

‘ His dying tones are in that other tongue,
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.
They spake of other scenes, but what—is known
To Kaled, whom their meaning reach’d alone;
And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
While gaz’d the rest in dumb amazement round:
They seem’d even then—that twain—unto the last
To half forget the present in the past;
To share between themselves some separate fate,
Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

‘ Their words though faint were many—from the tone
Their import those who heard could judge alone;
From this, you might have deem’d young Kaled’s death
More near than Lara’s by his voice and breath,
So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;
But Lara’s voice though low, at first was clear
And calm, till murmuring death gasp’d hoarsely near:
But from his visage little could we guess,
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,
Save that when struggling nearer to his last,
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;
And once as Kaled’s answering accents ceas’d,
Rose Lara’s hand, and pointed to the East:
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high
Roll’d back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
Or that ’twas chance, or some remember’d scene
That rais’d his arm to point where such had been,
Scarce Kaled seem’d to know, but turn’d away,
As if his heart abhorred that coming day,
And shrunk his glance before that morning light
To look on Lara’s brow—where all grew night.
Yet sense seem’d left, though better were its loss;
For when one near display’d the absolving cross,
And proffered to his touch the holy bead,
Of which his parting soul might own the need,
He look’d upon it with an eye profane,
And smiled—Heaven pardon! if ’twere with disdain;

And Kaled though he spoke not, nor withdrew
 From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,
 With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
 As if such but disturbed the expiring man,
 Nor seem'd to know his life but *then* began,
 The life immortal, infinite, secure,
 To all for whom that cross hath made it sure !

‘ But gasping heav’d the breath that Lara drew,
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew ;
 His limbs stretch’d fluttering, and his head droop’d o’er
 The weak yet still untiring knee that bore ;
 He press’d the hand he held upon his heart—
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
 With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
 For that faint throb which answers not again.
 “ It beats ! ”—Away, thou dreamer ! he is gone—
 It once was Lara which thou look’st upon.

‘ He gaz’d, as if not yet had pass’d away
 The haughty spirit of that humble clay ;
 And those around have rous’d him from his trance,
 But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance ;
 And when in raising him from where he bore
 Within his arms the form that felt no more,
 He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
 Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain ;
 He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
 The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
 But strove to stand and gaze, but reel’d and fell,
 Scarce breathing more than that he lov’d so well.
 Than that *he* lov’d ! Oh ! never yet beneath
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe !
 That trying moment hath at once reveal’d
 The secret long and yet but half-conceal’d ;
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
 Its grief seem’d ended, but the sex confest ;
 And life return’d, and Kaled felt no shame—
 What now to her was Womanhood or Fame ?

‘ And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,
 But where he died his grave was dug as deep ;
 Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
 Though priest nor bless’d, nor marble deck’d the mound ;
 And he was mourn’d by one whose quiet grief
 Less loud, outlasts a people’s for their chief.
 Vain was all question ask’d her of the past,
 And vain e’en menace—silent to the last ;
 She told nor whence nor why she left behind
 Her all for one who seem’d but little kind.
 Why did she love him ? Curious fool !—be still—
 Is human love the growth of human will ?
 To her he might be gentleness ; the stern
 Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,

And when they love, your smilers guess not how
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
They were not common links that form'd the chain
That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain ;
But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,
And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.' pp. 81—87.

The length of this extract—and we did not know how to abridge it without injuring the effect of the passage—forbids our making those quotations which we intended to have adduced, as serving to shew with what spirit and consistency the character of “*The Corsair*” is preserved in this sequel. The lines beginning,

‘ There was in him a vital scorn of all :
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurled'—

while they hint at the sad catastrophe of the former poem, admirably carry on the mental history of the hero. This was, indeed, an undertaking of peculiar difficulty and danger. Of all the wonders of Roubiliac's chissel, perhaps the greatest, was his opening the lips of his famous statue of Sir Isaac Newton, whom he had represented with lips closed. Some of his productions have doubtless been surpassed ; but none but Roubiliac it may safely be presumed till the achievement is rivalled, could have so successfully executed this daring conception, the failure of which must have ruined the whole work. It was an almost equally daring attempt to take up the tale of “*The Corsair*,” at its abrupt and mysterious termination, and to pursue it without destroying the oneness of the character. We are disposed particularly to commend the less obvious allusions to the former poem, which rather imply than exhibit, the Author's observance of this harmony of plan, as in the passage above referred to, and in all which describe his intercourse with Gulnare. The love which he may be supposed to have felt for her, is never made to appear of the same nature as his love for Medora, and consequently it does not offend us as a violation of the consistency of the character. That he loved her, is rather implied as a consequence resulting from the strong operation of peculiar circumstances, than depicted as the spontaneous emotion of his heart. With equal delicacy the unfeminine and yet most womanly attachment of Kaled to her master,—unfeminine only in its origin and in the degree of the passion,—most womanly in its disinterestedness, secrecy, and truth,—is represented, so as not to appear to offend against the dignity of her sex.

‘ If aught he loved, ’twas Lara : but ’twas shown
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone.—
 —There was haughtiness in all he did,
 A spirit deep that brook’d not to be chid ;
 His zeal, tho’ more than that of servile hands,
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ;
 As if twas Lara’s less than *his* desire
 That thus he served, and surely not for hire.’

We must confess that we are not fond of seeing the female sex thus degraded, however true to nature may be the picture, and how delicate and exquisite soever the touches of the artist’s pencil. But Lord Byron deserves the praise of having done, in the best manner possible, what has been so often most injudiciously and indelicately attempted. At least, the poet who has given us *Medora*, may well claim indulgence, if it be necessary, for his portrait of *Gulnare*.

Before we proceed to notice the other poem in this volume, we must express our regret that Lord Byron should not see the false taste, to say nothing of the inexcusable impiety, of the almost atheistical insinuations by which some of the finest passages in his poetry are disfigured. There is something exceedingly revolting in such a phrase, for instance, as, ‘ the wound that sent his soul to rest,’ applied to a character like *Lara*’s. The naked infidelity of the sentiment, is not rescued by any dignity of expression, from the charge of being vulgarly profane. From the lips of an ancient heathen, the language of melancholy incertitude in regard to a future state, or of an almost heroic defiance to the terrors of that undiscovered country, might excite emotions of sympathy, or of admiration. When ascribed to an ideal personage, such as *Childe Harold*, the same language might be tolerated, as dreadfully appropriate to the character : but when the poet in his own person adopts the same sentiments, as expressive of his individual feelings or belief, we can no longer conceal from ourselves that they betray a degree of irreligion, which, in a Christian country, can scarcely be referred to any other origin than the most melancholy ignorance. Of all descriptions of cant, the cant of scepticism is the most offensive, and the most nearly allied to absurdity. We do not mean to arraign, either the principles or the motives of the Noble Author ; but we could have wished, for his own sake, no less than for that of his readers, that he had not forced from us these probably unwelcome remarks.

The second tale in the volume is generally understood to be the production of the author of the ‘ *Pleasures of Memory* ;’ a poem, for which, an elaborate elegance, a singular delicacy of sentiment, and very harmonious versification, combined with

the pensively interesting nature of the subject itself, have obtained the good fortune of a more general and lasting popularity than the more original and splendid efforts of genius have often been successful in attaining. Refinement and taste—the cultivated taste of a connoisseur, rather than the boldness and freedom of original thought—are the prominent characteristics of Mr. Rogers's poetry. They will be recognised in the present production, which forms as complete a contrast to *Lara* as could be desired, for the purpose of illustrating the peculiar merits of each. There is a slightness, but, at the same time, a finished appearance, in the latter poem, which reminds us of the minute beauties of a water-colour drawing. The effect seems to be produced, less by outline and determinate strokes, than by the softly blending tints and shadowing of the landscape. The principal fault is that of indistinctness in the conduct of the story, which is not sufficiently made out to be, at first, intelligible. It has probably arisen from a too great studiousness to give the appearance of compression, and a light effect, to the poetry. The reader is, after all, left to guess how long *Jacqueline* was absent from her father's house. The first canto, which was probably meant to convey only the effects of her sudden departure from the village, seems to assert, contrary to the sequel of the story, that she was 'gone and gone for ever.' The poem will, however, be found to please much more on a second perusal, especially after the deep and tragic interest excited by the preceding *Tale* has sufficiently subsided, to leave the mind at leisure to receive emotions of so very different a kind. The following extract must suffice as a specimen of *Jacqueline*.

' Oh ! she was good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her !
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
When little, and her eyes, her voice,
Her every gesture said " rejoice,"
Her coming was a gladness ;
And as she grew, her modest grace,
Her down-cast look 'twas heav'n to trace,
When, shading with her hand her face,
She half inclined to sadness.
Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted ;
Like music to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes—how eloquent !
Ask what they would, 'twas granted.
Her father loved her as his fame ;
—And Bayard's self had done the same !

* * * * *

' In her who mourned not, when they missed her,
The old a child, the young a sister ?

No more the orphan runs to take
 From her loved hand the barley-cake.
 No more the matron in the school
 Expects her in the hour of rule,
 To sit amid the elfin brood,
 Praising the busy and the good.
 The widow trims her hearth in vain.
 She comes not—nor will come again ;
 Not now, his little lesson done,
 With Frederic blowing bubbles in the sun ;
 Nor spinning by the fountain side,
 Some story of the days of old,
 Barbe Bleu or Chaperon Rouge half-told
 To him who would not be denied :
 Not now, to while an hour away,
 Gone to the falls in Valombrè,
 Where 'tis night at noon of day ;
 Nor wandering up and down the wood,
 To all but her a solitude,
 Where once a wild deer, wild no more,
 Her chaplets on his antlers wore,
 And at her bidding stood.' pp. 101—105.

Art. VIII. *Facts and Observations relative to the Fever commonly called Puerperal*. By John Armstrong, M. D. Member Extraordinary of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and one of the Physicians to the Sunderland Dispensary. Longman and Co. London ; Constable and Co. Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 162, price 8s. 6d. London, 1814.

THE occasional occurrence of Puerperal Fever as an Epidemic disease in particular districts, has given to its pathology a high degree of importance, and renders the general diffusion of correct views concerning its nature and treatment, of the utmost consequence to society. The information already obtained by the examination of the body after death, (the most valuable of all the sources of improvement in medicine, and which alone, in doubtful cases, can unfold the nature of disease, and the changes which are produced by it on the human frame, and convert conjecture into knowledge,) has clearly demonstrated that this fever is most intimately connected with inflammation of the peritoneal membrane, and that to be successfully treated, it must be regarded as an active, inflammatory disease. Still, however, something may always be added to our knowledge of disease by an intelligent and faithful observer of nature ; and we are far from thinking so favourably of the state of medical practice in this country, (though it is, perhaps, as highly favoured in this respect, as it is in many others,) as not to believe that there are numerous individuals in the profession, who may

receive considerable advantage from an attentive perusal of the volume under our consideration. To young practitioners more especially, we may confidently recommend it as a safe and faithful guide, which, in the absence of positive experience, may relieve them from infinite anxiety and embarrassment, and enable them to add to the grateful recollections attending a faithful discharge of duty, the supreme satisfaction of having been instrumental in rescuing the life of a fellow creature, at an interesting and important period, from the most imminent peril.

During the year 1813, the Puerperal fever made its appearance in Sunderland, and its vicinity; and the opportunity which was thus afforded to Dr. A. of observing the disease in its several stages, and of directing its treatment, has supplied him with his principal materials. As the fever was not, however, confined to that neighbourhood alone, but appeared, about the same period, in some other parts of the adjacent country, he has inserted, in an appendix, several communications from intelligent practitioners, who had rather extensive opportunities of observing it. We shall not dwell on the history of the disease, for its general character is much the same in all situations, and is but little influenced by local circumstances. Our attention will be better occupied in noticing the principal circumstances in the mode of treatment recommended by Dr. Armstrong, and which, under his direction, was attended with signal success. We may observe, however, that our Author's history of the disease is faithful and judicious; and that he has pointed out, with minute attention, those circumstances which must direct the practitioner in his diagnosis, as well as in the prognosis of the disease. Dr. Armstrong thinks it of importance, in reference to the treatment, to distinguish two stages of the disease, since it is in the first stage only that medical treatment can be attended with much prospect of success: when it has advanced to its second stage, the powers of medicine are of little avail. To this distinction in the period of the disease, Dr. A. seems to have paid particular attention; and as he has inculcated the importance of keeping it constantly in view, with a degree of earnestness which proves his own sense of that importance, and which corresponds with our views, we shall transcribe his own observations on the subject.

' In the first stage, after the signs have ceased, the pulse is hardly ever less than 120, and sometimes, though as far as I have observed, very seldom, as high as 140, in the minute; the blood does not seem to flow in a soft, easy, natural current, but comes against the finger with a kind of vibratory motion, and more than ordinary pressure is commonly required to stop its course along the artery, which feels rather hard and tense. The skin is dry and hotter than natural, the patient complains of great pain and soreness of the abdomen, breathes nearly forty times in the minute, vomits mucus and bile, is

generally bound in the belly, has a white dry tongue, considerable thirst, and labours under all the restlessness and irritation of fever.'

'In the second stage the pulse is never under 140, and frequently rises above 160 in the minute, while it is always exceedingly variable, weak, and compressible; the tenderness of the belly is usually much diminished, and the fulness increased; cold partial perspirations first break out about the face, neck, and extremities, the centre of the body, particularly the surface of the abdomen, remaining dry and of a pungent heat for some time afterwards; the patient rarely shivers much, but has repeated chills; vomits dark grumous matter, seldom breathes less than sixty times in the minute, has generally a loose belly, a brown, black, or reddish parched tongue, unquenchable thirst, tremulous hands, lightness and swimming of the head, confusion of thought, a delirium, and, several hours before death, a remarkably relaxed, cold, damp skin.'

As this formidable disease will sometimes proceed with a rapidity so great as to prove fatal within forty-eight hours from its commencement, or even less, it is of the utmost importance that the active treatment, by which alone its progress can be arrested, should be employed as early as possible after its symptoms are once unequivocally manifested; and the earlier after this period, in the same proportion will be the probability that the disease will be crushed at once, and that the patient will speedily be restored to health. In his recommendation of bleeding, the great remedy in all cases of active inflammation, Dr. Armstrong agrees with all our best practical writers; but to be really beneficial, it must be free, from a large orifice, and the quantity must be proportioned to the violence of the symptoms and the strength of the patient, and repeated at a short interval if it shall have failed, in the first instance, to give a decided check to the progress of the disease. Immediately after the first venesection, a purgative is to be given, and Dr. A. appears to have, most judiciously, appreciated the value of freely evacuating the bowels, and to have employed it with a degree of boldness which has not been usual in the practice of this country. His favourite remedy is a scruple, or half a drachm, of calomel, suspended in mucilage, given at once, and followed by a dose of sulphate of magnesia dissolved in infusion of senna, to be repeated every hour, until the bowels were very freely acted upon. This formed the basis of the treatment employed, but combined of course with the general adoption of the antiphlogistic regimen. The success of this practice was most satisfactory, and a reference to the proportion of recoveries which it effected, will more strongly recommend it to universal adoption, than any encomium of ours. From the 1st of January to the 1st of October, 1813, it appears, that forty-three cases of Puerperal fever, occurred to five practitioners residing in and near Sunderland,

and of this number only five cases terminated fatally : a more honourable testimony to the skill of the individuals under whose care they fell, could not be exhibited, for we believe there is not on record another instance of success so complete.

'The thirty-eight successful cases,' Dr. Armstrong remarks, 'were all treated by copious depletion of one kind or other, and in twenty-nine of them, calomel was exhibited in doses of a scruple or half a drachm at the beginning, and occasionally repeated in the course of the distemper. For the most part it passed so expeditiously along the intestinal canal that there were very few instances in which ptyalism was excited, and whenever this was the case, it seemed a favourable circumstance, all the patients with one exception, recovering with more than ordinary celerity from the time that the mouth became affected. And further to illustrate the superior efficacy of large doses of calomel, it may be here remarked, that in none of the five cases which proved fatal, more than fourteen grains of calomel were given on the accession of the fever, jalap, sulphate of magnesia, and castor oil, being the cathartics chiefly employed during its progress.' p. 71.

This is the judicious practice employed by Dr. A.; but some of his correspondents appear to have relied almost exclusively on the employment of purgatives, which, in so dangerous a disease, is, we think, to be reprobated, since not only is a purgative inferior to venesection in its general impression on the body, but the effect produced by the latter is immediate, while some hours must, in general, elapse before the action of the former can be produced in any effectual degree. As auxiliaries, purgatives are invaluable, but they ought not to supersede venesection, except in the mildest cases, and even in them, local bleeding by means of leeches, ought also to be employed. In some of the cases which came under the notice of Dr. A. and in which the constitution was delicate, bleeding was deemed inadmissible, and the treatment was by purgatives; but though these cases did well, their recovery was slow and doubtful for some time, and they had a strong tendency to hectic, long after the abdominal symptoms disappeared. In such cases as these, we are persuaded that the greatest benefit would have resulted from the local abstraction of blood by leeches. Under the more vigorous practice of copious bleeding followed by purging, or by purging and vomiting in succession, the patients were generally convalescent on the fourth or fifth day, and from that period rapidly recovered their former health and strength. We cannot speak of emetics in this disease from our own experience, though they seem to have been employed with advantage in some of the cases noticed in this volume. There appear to us, however, to be strong reasons to question their utility. The violent contraction of the abdominal muscles, produced by the act of vomiting,

must, by its pressure, increase the pain in the abdomen, which it ought to be the object of the practitioner to diminish by every means in his power. Dr. Armstrong remarks, that he never ventured to recommend bleeding in any case when the disease had continued more than thirty hours*; that in no instance when the pulse was as high as 150, was it of the least service; that in those cases which were most materially benefited by this remedy, the pulse was below 140 in a minute. The quantity of blood drawn, he remarks, should seldom be less than twenty-four ounces, and perhaps never more than thirty, but it is of consequence, if possible, to carry the bleeding so far in the first instance, as to prevent the necessity of a repetition. If the patient should faint before many ounces have been drawn, and which sometimes happens, the operation should be repeated after the lapse of an hour or two, and then carried to its full extent. When the period of active inflammatory action is past, and venesection is no longer admissible, Dr. Armstrong recommends perseverance in the use of purgative medicines, as affording the only chance of benefit.

‘Speaking from my own personal observation,’ he remarks, ‘I do not know the period of the disease in which cathartics can be omitted without considerable hazard; they are indispensably requisite in the first stage, and I have seen them occasionally succeed when the disorder seemed advanced into the second. The system is uncommonly susceptible of stimulants, such as wine and cordials, in the second stage, and if freely administered, they generally soon destroy the patient, whose remaining powers are best supported by milk, nourishing broths, and the like.’ p. 81.

There is one circumstance connected with the history of Puerperal fever, which appears to us still to require more enlarged, and perhaps more impartial observation, than it has yet received, for it is well known how much the mind is under the influence of its own preconceptions. This relates to the question of its being a simple peritonitic inflammation, modified perhaps by the state of the constitution in the Puerperal state, or an infectious disease of a low and malignant character. Dr. Armstrong explicitly states his belief in the contagious nature of the epidemic disease, and remarks, that he has, on several occasions, traced the origin of a fever having the most malignant character to the contagion of one having the character of simple peritonitis. An observation of this kind ought, however, to be very

* This practice, however, seems hardly reconcileable with his statement, that the first stage of the disease will sometimes continue seventy hours, though it often terminates in little more than twenty; a more safe criterion, therefore, of the propriety of employing venesection will be found in his remark.

extensively verified before it is received as a fact; for though the experience of our Author has taught him that the same practice is to be followed in both varieties of the disease, only with greater diligence, as the disease is the more malignant, and it may not therefore have any unfavourable effect on our practice, yet a belief of this kind is calculated to produce the most painful anxiety in the minds of them who are in a situation to be exposed to its influence. With the nature of morbid poisons, we can become acquainted only by their effects, but as those, the laws of which are best known to us, are constant and uniform in their operation, there is some reason to suspect the correctness of that observation which would attribute a contagious nature to a disease under some circumstances, which, under others, it is known not to possess. With respect to malignity from the days of Sydenham to the present time, this character has been attributed to many diseases, as belonging essentially to them, while it has been, in fact, the mere result of that pernicious hot regimen, which the most ample experience of its fatal consequences, has not yet been able to extirpate from the great body of the people. We do not intend, however, by these observations, to cast a censure upon any part of Dr. Armstrong's work; it is the production of a mind at once candid, intelligent, and enlightened; and its value will be best appreciated by those individuals in the profession whose praise and approbation are the most to be desired.

Art. IX. *Oriental Memoirs*: Selected and abridged from a Series of Familiar Letters written during Seventeen Years Residence in India: including Observations on Parts of Africa and South America, and a Narrative of Occurrences in Four India Voyages. Illustrated with Engravings from Original Drawings [to the Number of 94, nearly 30 of which are coloured.] By James Forbes, F.R.S. &c. 4 vols. Royal 4to. pp. 1935. Price 16l. 16s. Published by White, Cochrane, and Co. 1813.

THIS is one of the most splendid works that ever proceeded from the English press. And it is not a performance hastily got up, as its appearance is nearly thirty years subsequent to the Author's return from India with the accumulation of materials from which it is formed. A few years of that interval have indeed been expended in European travels; but various expressions referring to the work, imply that it has been the subject of frequent attention and interest during this long period. The very time required by the artists for preparing so extraordinary a number of graphical illustrations, would have been quite sufficient for reducing to due compass and order the con-

tents of the journals or descriptive letters which most residents and travellers in the East would have found time to write, as an occupation additional to the discharge of official duties, and the very frequent use of the pencil. But it is almost impossible to make any guess at the length of time requisite for the compression and methodizing of such an unprecedented mass of composition as that achieved by our author, in defiance of the occupations and the languors of his life in India. He states the amount in a representation addressed to Mons. Carnot, in 1804, from Verdun, where he was in detention, with so many other entrapped English people. In that representation he says,

‘ My drawings, and the letters which were written during those travels, occupy *fifty two thousand pages, contained in a hundred and fifty folio volumes*; the work of my own hands; these obtained me the honour of being elected a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies of London. My friends insisted upon my publishing them; and, previous to leaving England, I had devoted some time to a selection of the most interesting parts, which I was preparing for the press. In that state they now await my return, when I hope to complete the undertaking’

It will perhaps be among the first suggestions to most readers of this most extraordinary statement, that this is greatly too much for any man to have performed with the desirable study and accuracy, within nineteen years of a variously busy, and partly a juvenile life, however new and prominently striking the objects presented to this astonishing industry.

The general description of the author's voluntary pursuits we give in his own words :

‘ I left England before I had attained my sixteenth year : with a little knowledge of drawing, and an ardent desire to explore foreign countries, I travelled and resided upwards of nineteen years in different parts of Asia, Africa, and America; endeavouring to investigate the manners and customs of the inhabitants, to study the natural history, and to delineate the principal places, and picturesque scenery in the various regions which I visited : to these I added the costume of the natives, and coloured drawings of the beasts, birds, fishes, insects, fruits, flowers, and vegetables, produced in such infinite variety in those climates. During that time I resided some years amongst the Brahmins in Hindostan, at a distance from the European settlements; where I had an opportunity of observing the modes of life, and the peculiar tenets, of that singular people.’

Under the lively impressions of so new and strange a world of objects, it will not be wondered that his taste for drawing grew into a passion; and the power which this enviable art gave him over the scenes, both for observing them more effectually, and for securing their images, was felt by him, as he somewhere ex-

resses it, like an additional sense. While beholding the magnificent views, or inspecting the particular objects, of nature, with the delight which, to many admirers of the grand, the beautiful, and the rare, is alloyed by the thought that these striking appearances will soon fade into indistinctness in their imagination, when they shall probably have no external means of preserving or renovating the images,—our Author had the gratifying reflection that there were growing under his hand the representative forms which at the greatest distance, and probably many years later, in life, would powerfully contribute to renew the visions and replace him in thought in the scenes, of the present enchantment; and which might even, by a second operation of art, be made to bring the representations to the view of thousands of persons.

The immature and comparatively uninformed state of the Author's mind, at the early commencement of his survey of the world's varieties, together with his very slender opportunities for consulting books at some of his stations in India, was in one view a great and manifold disadvantage; in another view, it might almost be said to constitute a qualification. He could not be fully sensible of the prodigious measure of antique interest, so to express it, attaching to the regions of the East, and, from want of the indispensable lore, could do but little with matters involving their history. From this ignorance, many of the manners and customs would be much less significant and intelligible. He would be unfurnished with the means of investigating many things which he would feel strongly challenging his attention; and he would be quite unaware of the claims to particular attention which many objects would present to more instructed observers. A great many things and circumstances necessarily escape the very notice,—do not touch the very perception—of the most watchful observer whose mind is not stored with various knowledge. In addition to the utmost curiosity and *intentness*, it is absolutely necessary to *know how* to look at this world, by means of some previous information of what is actually contained in it, and contained often under forms which have nothing adapted to arrest unscientific or unlearned curiosity. Our author, so young as to be but half-schooled, would be unaware of the importance and the rules of conducting his observations to the effect of obtaining general results. An active but undisciplined curiosity would collect a vast blended mass of facts, without being aware of what they would have taught if a certain order had been observed in collecting them, or of what they would still teach in a certain order into which they might be arranged;—unaware too how much they do really in fact and nature *exist in a certain order*.

On the other hand, such an observer, free from all prejudice,

(excepting the natural disposition of ardent and ingenuous youth to view things in the fairest light,) having no system to verify or to refute, having no exclusively favourite class of inquiries, having the faculties set open on all sides, and all alive with an exquisite sensibility to every thing within the scope of the senses, would be a very honest, though rather too poetic, spectator of the scenes opened before him, would be rapid in seizing facts, and would represent them in a bold and simple form, easily applicable to the purposes of theory when wanted for that use at a subsequent time, or in other hands.

It appears to have been now and then an object of our Author's studies, in the course of the long interval since he brought his collections from the East, to connect some of his facts with some points of theory. For this purpose he introduces here and there reflections, and positions of doctrine, the produce of later years and of maturer thought; given as a kind of general truths which the Author now regards as fairly suggested, proved, or illustrated, by the facts which he finds recorded in what is now, even to himself, become 'a tale of other times.' He often also quotes, sometimes at too great length, the opinions and reasonings of other men on oriental subjects, as serving to convey, in a better manner than himself could do, as his modesty says, the truths demonstrated by one or other part of the same vast assemblage.

Yet the reader is not to expect system, or method, or any other thing of the nature of strict arrangement, as a prevailing characteristic of this sumptuous work. It is to be considered as the substance, given according to the progress of time, of an epistolary journal of nearly twenty years of the Author's life. It is not careful of chronological minuteness; it is suspended, dilated, made retrograde, or carried into anticipation, just at the Author's will. It gives every where the strongest indications of sincerity, candour, veracity; and of all the kind, generous, and upright moral sentiments. The reader is certain to find, every where, the virtuous philanthropist. All this is rendered less strange by something that is, under the circumstances, very marvellously strange. We cannot, by these terms of description, excite a curiosity so prepared to wonder as that there can be any danger of its being disappointed by being informed, that a person who went out, nearly fifty years since, to India, as an adventurer, the habits and notions of whose manhood were formed there, who passed the grand portion of life in which the character generally consolidates into its permanent state, among pagans, Mahomedans, and such characters as the Europeans of *that* day were very apt to become in such a region and such society, — that this person is a devout Christian! He abounds with pious reflections and aspirations, delights to quote devotional poetry, habitually and affectionately acknow-

ledges the Governor of the world, and takes a lively interest in the predicted extension of Christianity to all nations.

The work is so multifarious and miscellaneous, as to leave no possibility of making a continuous abstract; and it abounds so much with remarkable and entertaining incidents and descriptions, that were any such abstract possible, it would be far less gratifying than such a series of selections as it will be a much easier task for us to give. A few general remarks may find a place at the close of the article.

The western coast, and the tracts in the vicinity of the western coast, of the Indian peninsula, were the scene of his residences and travels. One movement went as far southward as Travancore; but it was in various parts of the country from Bombay to the upper part of Guzerat that he made the long sojourn which enriched him with the materials of this work, collected by an ind-fatigable improvement of the time which could be spared from the duties of the civil offices with which he was charged.

‘A residence of eighteen years on the island of Bombay, and several of its subordinate settlements, afforded me an opportunity of seeing a great deal of the western part of Hindostan; and I occasionally visited most of the principal places, from Ahmedabad, the capital of the northern province of Guzerat, to Anjengo, the most southern factory on the coast of Malabar. During that interesting period, I corresponded with a near relation, whose congenial mind wished to share in the novelty I met with in a part of the globe, which is unrivalled in its gratifications for travellers of every description; especially for a youth, to whom all the world was new.’

The voyage outward gave latitude of play to his youthful sensibility and fancy, between the enchanting beauties of nature in the Brazils, and the wretched and hideous state to which the crew were reduced, by the scurvy, before they reached India. The death of many of them, and the condition to which the survivors were reduced, furnish a striking illustration of the improvement effected since that time in the economy of ships on long voyages. He describes the impressive effect of the assembling of all the crew for the funeral service preparatory to committing the dead to the deep.

He very soon made acquaintance with whatever is most remarkable in the productions bestowed or inflicted by nature on the regions of the East. He has but just mentioned his arrival at Bombay, when he goes into an animated celebration of the unrivalled combination of estimable qualities in the cocoa-nut tree. We shall only transcribe the account of the manner of forcing it to forego its natural production and substitute another.

‘Many of the trees are not permitted to bear fruit; but the em-

bryo bud, from which the blossoms and nuts would spring, is tied up to prevent its expansion; and a small incision being then made at the end, there oozes, in gentle drops, a cool pleasant liquor called Tarce, or Toddy, the palm-wine of the poets. This, when first drawn, is cooling and salutary; but when fermented and distilled, produces an intoxicating spirit.' Vol. I. p. 23.

But the most signal object in the vegetable kingdom, and what its very frequent recurrence in his drawings shews he deemed the most picturesque, was the Banian. Much as all readers of eastern descriptions have been told of this species of tree, their admiration will be once more irresistibly excited by a description of one individual on the banks of the Nerbudda. It is accompanied by a rich engraving.

'On the banks of the Nerbudda I have spent many delightful days, with large parties on rural excursions, under a tree supposed by some persons to be that described by Nearchus, and certainly not at all inferior to it. High floods have at various times swept away a considerable part of this extraordinary tree; but what still remains is near two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems: the overhanging branches, not yet struck down, cover a much larger space; and under it grow a number of custard-apple, and other fruit trees. The larger trunks of this single tree amount to three hundred and fifty, and the smaller ones exceed three thousand: each of these is constantly sending forth branches and hanging roots, to form other trunks, and become the parents of a future progeny.

'This magnificent pavilion affords a shelter to all travellers, particularly the religious tribes of Hindoos; and is generally filled with a variety of birds, snakes, and monkeys: the latter have often diverted me with their antic tricks; especially in their parental affection to their young offspring, by teaching them to select their food, to exert themselves in jumping from bough to bough, and then in taking more extensive leaps from tree to tree, encouraging them by caresses when timorous, and menacing, and even beating them, when refractory. Knowing by instinct the malignity of the snakes, they are most vigilant in their destruction: they seize them when asleep by the neck, and running to the nearest flat stone, grind down the head by a strong friction on the surface, frequently looking at it, and grinning at their progress.'

On a shooting party under this tree, one of the author's friends killed one of these animals, a female; the extreme distress shewn by its companions, and the testimonies of affection to the dead body on its being restored to them, excited commiseration and respect, in spite of the disgust we are tempted to feel for a species which has so much the appearance of a mockery of our own. The sportsmen were so much moved by the behaviour, that, our author says, 'they resolved never more to level a gun at one of the monkey race.'

It may be observed, that Nature has in general so managed the distribution of her exhibitions, that where there is much to admire, there is much to fear. Mr F. might gaze at banian trees, be captured with the splendid beauty of the birds, be beguiled into a fancy of paradise by the rich profusion of flowers; and then, returning to his apartments, to muse over the scene, he might find, in one instance four, and in another five, of the cobra-minelle, the most dangerous, he says, though the smallest of the Indian serpents, quietly lodged 'in his chamber up stairs;' and might therefore have just cause to shudder at the narrowness of his escape of the 'speedy and painful death' which its bite inflicts. He even still more narrowly escaped this infliction from a cobra di capello, the identical reptile of which he has given a large coloured print. It was in the possession of one of those strollers who exhibit serpents dancing to music, a very common amusement in India. He says,

'It danced an hour on the table while I painted it; during which I frequently handled it, to observe the beauty of the spots, and especially the spectacles on the head, not doubting but that its venomous fangs had been extracted. But the next morning my upper servant, who was a zealous Mussulman, came to me in great haste, and desired I would instantly retire, and praise the Almighty for my good fortune; not understanding his meaning, I told him I had already performed my devotions, and had not so many stated prayers as the followers of his prophet. Mahomet then informed me that while purchasing some fruit in the bazar, he observed the man who had been with me on the preceding evening, entertaining the country people with his dancing snakes. They, according to their usual custom, sat on the ground around him, when, either from the music stopping too suddenly, or from some other cause irritating the vicious reptile, which I had so often handled, it darted at the throat of a young woman, and inflicted a wound of which she died in about half an hour.'

Nor would any man in his walks among the umbrageous and aromatic groves, so delectable in poetry, be perfectly and invincibly surrendered to soothing and voluptuous feelings and fancies, after having heard that the verdant, the blooming, the 'incense-breathing' bower, may harbour such inhabitants as the following:

'One of the most dangerous serpents in the Concan is a long snake of a beautiful green; in form resembling the lash of a coach-whip, from which it is called the whip-snake. This insidious animal conceals itself among the branches of trees, from whence it darts rapidly on the cattle grazing below, generally at the eye. One of them, near the hot wells, flew at a bull, and wounding him in the eye, threw him into a violent agony; he tore up the ground in a furious manner, and foaming at the mouth, died in about half an hour.'

So that a number of precautions, and a selection of locality, are indispensable before a man can put himself in perfect harmony with what our author avers to be sometimes the gracious mood of the climate.

‘As a contrast to the violence of the monsoon, and the unpleasant effects of the hot winds, there is sometimes a voluptuousness in the climate of India, a stillness in nature, an indescribable softness, which soothes the mind, and gives it up to the most delightful sensations.’

It is gratifying to the taste for variety and for magnificence, that the excitement of emphatic emotion is not left exclusively to the snakes. Our author was sometimes indebted for this luxury to nobler agents. The following is a fine instance, and most of his readers would be proud to be able to record such a thing among their adventures.

‘Most of the jungles, or wild forests of underwood, in the district denominated the Concan, abound with tygers, hyænas, hogs, deer, and porcupines: the former are as large and ferocious as in other parts of India, and render a solitary excursion dangerous. They approached close to our habitations at the hot-wells, and frequently caused an alarm. The thatched cottages were so close and uncomfortable, that we generally placed our beds under a contiguous mango-grove, until, one night, a royal tiger, attracted by the smell of a goat which had recently been killed and hung upon a tree, rushed closed to my bed, in the road to his prey. The noise awakened us in time to secure a retreat to the cottage before the return of the monster. The moon shone bright, and in a few minutes we saw him pass us with the carcase of the goat; which had he not found, one of our party would most likely have been his prey.’
Vol. I. p. 196.

Compared with endowments and attractions like those we have recited, it is hardly worth while to mention the recommendations which the country, ‘the paradise of nations,’ possesses on the score of the most curious singularities of vermin,—the black ants, an inch long, that bite according to the style of their bulk; the white ants, that eat up every thing in the house, and the house itself into the bargain; or the musk-rats, armed with such aromatic efficiency that ‘if one of them gets into a chest of wine, every bottle smells so strong of the animal, and acquires such a disagreeable flavour, that it cannot be drunk.’

It would seem like sinking into utter dulness to advert to any *harmless* animal production, if we did not, fortunately, fall on one that relieves the insignificance of innocence by an extreme singularity of physical attributes. Our author kept a chameleon several weeks, and observed it with the minutest attention. We shall transcribe part only of his description.

'The chameleon of the Concan, including the tail, is about nine inches long; the body only half that length, varying in circumference as it is more or less inflated. The head, like that of a fish, is immovably fixed to the shoulders; but every inconvenience is remedied by the structure of the eyes; which, like spheres rolling on an invisible axis, are placed in deep cavities, projecting from the head. Through a small perforation in the exterior convexity appears a bright pupil, surrounded by a yellow iris; which, by the singular formation and motion of the eye, enables the animal to see what passes before, behind, or on either side; and it can give one eye all these motions while the other remains perfectly still. A hard rising protects these delicate organs; another extends from the forehead to the nostrils. The mouth is large, and furnished with teeth. With a tongue half the length of the body, and hollow like an elephant's trunk, it darts nimbly at flies and other insects, which it seems to prefer to the aerial food generally supposed to be its sustenance.

'The general colour of the chameleon so long in my possession was a pleasant green, spotted with pale blue. From this it changed to a bright yellow, dark olive, and a dull green; but never appeared to such advantage as when irritated, or a dog approached it; the body was then considerably inflated, and the skin clouded like tortoise-shell, in shades of yellow, orange, green, and black. A black object always caused an almost instantaneous transformation. The room appropriated for its accommodation was skirted by a board painted black; this the chameleon carefully avoided; but if he accidentally drew near it, or if we placed a black hat in his way, he was reduced to a hideous skeleton, and from the most lively tints became black as jet; on removing the cause, the effect as suddenly ceased; the sable hue was succeeded by a brilliant colouring, and the body was again inflated.' Vol. I. p. 198.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

Art. X.—*Prayer for the multiplication of Evangelical Labourers.* A Sermon preached before the Patrons of the Newport Pagnel Evangelical Institution, July 13, 1814. By John Clayton, Junr. Published at the request of the general meeting of Subscribers and Friends to the Establishment, 8vo. pp. 34, price 1s. 6d. London, Burton, 1814.

THE Institution at Newport Pagnel, referred to in the title-page of this sermon, was established in the year 1783, under the tutorship of the late Rev. William Bull. It originated in the exertions of the Rev. John Newton, when rector of Olney; and, conformably to his plan, was designed for the education of candidates for the christian ministry, without respect of the class or denomination to which their labours were afterwards to be consecrated. The academy was for several years supported by voluntary contributions, on which, by the death of its venerable tutor, it has again become de-

pendent. 'The late excellent John Thornton, Esq. so highly approved its plan, and the manner in which it had been conducted, that he offered to undertake the entire charge of its subsequent maintenance; and, at his much lamented death, bequeathed to Mr. Bull, during his life £200 per annum for its support.' The Rev. Thomas Palmer Bull, has succeeded, by the death of his father, to the entire superintendence of the academy. Thirty-eight students, it appears, exclusive of those who have been educated at their own charge, have been prepared for the ministry in this small institution. Its local usefulness has been very great, and would render its dissolution an extensive evil.

If there ever was a period at which the multiplication, and the character of similar establishments among Protestant Dissenters, were considerations of importance, it is the present. Mr. Clayton has annexed to his sermon some sensible observations on this point, which we have pleasure in transcribing.

'It ought to be recollected, that new places of worship are erecting in various parts of our island, and that a vast machinery of moral means for the improvement of its inhabitants is now in active work, so that we may reasonably expect the demand for intelligent and zealous preachers will be increased. On no account, therefore, should we lessen the number of our seminaries for religion and literature.

'The times which are passing over us, render it necessary to be more circumspect than ever in the sanction which you give to persons who are desirous of entering the ministry. A profession of Christianity is the fashion, and the pulpit presents a stage for the acquisition of popular fame. At the same time the shocks which the commercial world has received, throwing many out of employment, may sometimes tempt a man to say, "Put me into the priest's office for a morsel of bread." I trust you will uniformly endeavour to try the spirits, that you may distinguish as far as pious discernment can enable you to do so, between the motives which arise from a pedantic vanity, and those which originate in the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart; between the desire that springs from secular disappointment, and that which is the offspring of pity for the souls of men.'

'In these days of improvement in science, it is of no small importance to elevate the intellectual and literary, as well the moral character of our seminaries. Knowledge is advancing in every class of the community, and the ministry must not only keep pace, but should get beyond the ordinary gradation of attainment, or it will suffer in the esteem of the solid and serious portion of society. An eminent French protestant celebrated for his learning, piety, and impressive eloquence, exclaimed more than a century ago, "We do not live in the days of Samson, when the Philistines were defeated by the jaw-bone of an ass!"'

The whole passage in the original is given in a note.

“ Car on ne sauroit jamais trop savoir dans une charge, où il y a toujours à apprendre ; où il faut instruire les ignorans, prêcher les savans, convaincre les incredules, combattre les adversaires subtils et adroits, *sur tout dans ces derniers tems*, ou les ennemis de la verité sont plus dangereux que jamais ; et ou munis de tous les sophismes de la chicane ancienne et moderne, ils ont sans doute plus de moyen de renverser les voyes du Seigneur. Nous ne sommes plus au tems de Samson, ou l'on defaisoit les Philistins avec une machoire d'ane ; et il ne faut plus esperer de pouvoir faire entrer Jesus Christ glorieusement dans les villes, sur le poulain d'une anesse ; c'est à dire, par la ministere de personnes ignorantes.” *Sermons de Pierre Du Bosc, tom. 7eme. p. 778.*”

The present state of the *Dissenting interest*—to employ a cant phrase to which we have, nevertheless, strong objections,—gives peculiar weight to these observations. It is not to be disguised, that a great proportion of those who are engaged in the ministry among Protestant Dissenters, though possessing, for the most part, the essential requisite of a competent knowledge of theology, are far from being ‘thoroughly furnished’ with the minor, but not unimportant qualifications of a christian pastor. From this circumstance, which may certainly be traced in part to the deficiency of well regulated academical institutions, the ministry itself has suffered disparagement, and the respectability of the Dissenters, as a religious body, has been depreciated. Various causes might be assigned as having contributed to produce these effects. The exclusive regulations of our national institutions, and the sort of creditability which attaches to a connexion with the Episcopal Church, must operate so as to secure the mass of the great, the noble, the opulent, and the politically wise, under the banners of the establishment, and thus to leave only the middle and lower orders to form the various classes of Dissenters. These classes have been continually augmented at different periods by those who have, from professing nonconformity, been deprived, by disinheritance or prosecution, of their possessions and standing in society. It was not among persons thus situated, that liberally endowed and extensive institutions could be expected, from the nature of their circumstances, to arise. Many of the early nonconformists, themselves men of liberal attainments and attached to literature, were compelled to have recourse to commercial engagements, or agricultural labours for subsistence ; and from a like necessity the temporal and spiritual avocations which they bequeathed to their successors, continued to be united. Nor was the want of liberal institutions at first felt to its full extent, as there long remained some ministers of eminent learning, piety, and influence, among the Protestant Dissenters, who

devoted themselves with a success proportioned to their talents, to the private education of a few individuals in every branch of knowledge essential to the honourable discharge of the sacred functions. In these schools of the prophets, many distinguished prelates of the established church received the first impulses of piety, and made those acquisitions which became the foundation of their future eminence. The gradual, and perhaps unnoticed decrease by death of the number of these public instructors, has concurred with a diminished taste for literary attainments as affording no prospect of temporal advantage, to produce a sensible effect on the general character of the ministry at large, in respect to scientific or classical erudition.

It is very supposable that prejudices against learning may have been created by witnessing its comparative inutility, to say the least, when united to a merely speculative belief, and a lifeless formality in the characters of the clergy, the most respectable of whom during the awfully dissolute periods which succeeded the Restoration, presented, with rare exceptions, no better combination. At length Whitfield and Wesley arose to confound the wise disputers and the scribes of their day, by what in some respects might seem the foolishness of preaching, but which proved of mighty and successful operation in awakening and converting the souls of thousands. The disinterested zeal, the untameable energy, the unwearied exertions, and the fervent benevolence of this new description of preachers, were calculated to shame with a sense of uselessness, all those who were not rather provoked to emulation. But it was not altogether without cause for alarm, that some among the Orthodox Dissenters were disposed to view the impetuosity and indiscretion which were frequently found united to these more imitable qualities.—We have not room in this place to enter particularly into the ill effects which have arisen from the injudicious depreciation of human aids and subordinate means in reference to the successful administration of the gospel: but we notice it as one of the circumstances which have tended to diminish amongst Dissenters a taste for literary acquirements from the notion of their comparative inutility in connexion with the ministerial character.—Perhaps the lethargical slumber in which the church of England was at that time wrapt, had partly overtaken too many of the congregational churches, and there existed too indolent a satisfaction with the systems, catechisms, and established discipline of the old Dissenters, as if these could supersede the extraordinary labours of the Evangelist, or could stand instead of holy zeal and impassioned energy. The Methodists, however, were not calculated permanently to occupy the stations of those whose lack of service they seemed raised to supply. The

evils arising from an illiterate ministry are not immediately felt. Contrasted with those of formality, or of a departure from the simplicity of the gospel, they may be justly deemed of small magnitude. In individual cases they may be difficult to be ascertained, or be wholly neutralized : but they are not the less real, and in the end extensively injurious to the best interests of society.

It is not, however, from contempt of human attainments that among Dissenting ministers of the present day, there exists, on some points of comparison with those of the endowed church, so great an inferiority. The fact is, that the pressure of the times on their circumstances and the narrowness of their stipends, forbid their engaging in pursuits, which to be enjoyed or successfully followed, require a mind at leisure and a heart at rest. The great majority of candidates for the ministry amongst Dissenters are of humble origin or straitened circumstances. The want of subordinate inducements to young men in the higher stations of society, in the shape of emolument, ease, or distinction, might be less to be regretted, as tending to keep the ministry itself pure from the unhallowed misappropriation of its sacred offices, if it were not that mixed motives are still left to operate on those who occupy a lower rank in society, and who are sometimes tempted to exclaim, (as Mr. Clayton observes) "Put me into the priest's office for a morsel of bread." We are not pleading for mixed motives, but it is deeply to be lamented, that inducements of sufficient strength are not found more extensively to operate in bringing young men of superior education and station, to devote themselves to the sacred office amongst Dissenters.

It is not necessary that every minister or pastor should be a man of critical learning, or of superior abilities. We do not wish to embarrass with any unnecessary difficulties, the entrance to the Christian ministry. Dissenters ought ever to separate between the right and the qualifications of the individual who thinks himself called upon to preach the gospel. But it is of great importance that there should at least be some who may be able to sustain the character of learned men amongst Dissenters, and for this purpose it is of no small importance, 'to elevate the intellectual and literary, as well as the moral character of our seminaries.' If in some of them, more were required as a qualification for admission, and more exacted from the student previously to his entrance on the ministerial functions, it would be of essential advantage, putting aside inferior considerations, to the cause of religion at large. Scepticism is of a superficial character ; it originates in 'the vanity of the half-learned, and the pride of the half-reasoning.'

Learning has been generally found, not more necessary for the competent defence of the truth, than favourable to the promotion of a devotional spirit, personal humility, and enlightened benevolence.

But we check ourselves from pursuing these remarks, which were naturally suggested by the observations we have quoted from the Sermon before us: and will conclude by giving an extract from the Discourse itself, as a further specimen of the author's style, and of the sentiments which it contains.

' A second incentive to the presentation of this prayer is taken from the *plenteousness of the harvest*, which invites the sickle of the reaper. We would not attempt in a spirit of sectarian bigotry, or through a deficiency of true candour, to diminish the number of those who have been converted to the faith of the gospel: but it is a serious fact, that a large majority of mankind is still in an unregenerate condition. Look into this town and its adjacent villages. Are there not many here, in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity? Stretch your prospect to the counties of England with its dependencies, and the provinces of Ireland. Are there not multitudes perishing for lack of knowledge? Travel in thought to distant countries, where heathenism and antichristian superstition have spread their deadly influence; there you will see millions of your fellow creatures famishing for the want of the bread of life. All these are hastening into eternity. While we speak the generation passes away. Opportunity, if not soon embraced, will in many instances be lost, and lost for ever. Surely if there be any thing which will kindle the spark of zeal in the bosom of a disciple or minister of Christ, if there be any prospect which will light up his devotion to a burning flame, it is the spectacle of myriads of souls destined to immortality, but entering upon eternity unprepared for heaven.

' The *paucity of labourers* should likewise induce us to prefer this supplication. There is without doubt, a considerable difference between the circumstances of the times when our Lord issued this command, and those of the present day. Christianity was then in its infancy. Few had the courage to profess it, and very few were called to preach it. On the contrary, in these halcyon days of the church, and in our own favored country, the ministers of the gospel are much more numerous. Still however the number is comparatively small. It is touching indeed on delicate ground, but fact will bear me out in the fearless assertion, that as all are not Israel who are of Israel, so all who assume the clerical office, are not diligent and faithful stewards over the household of God. We are in want of *labourers*,—men endued with knowledge, warm at heart with love to Jesus and compassion for souls, fired with zeal in the best of causes—men who will throw their whole spirit into the work of the ministry, strive to pluck sinners as brands from the burning, who passionately aspire to turn many to righteousness and to shine as stars for ever and ever. If too we extend our view to the vast tracts of uncultivated ground beyond our native shores, who will not exclaim, with a sigh of sorrow and of longing desire, "The labourers are few—send forth more into the harvest!"

Art. XI. *Sermons on the Occasion of the late Peace.* By the Rev. E. T. Vaughan and others.

NOTHING can be more insipid and unaffecting than the general character of Political Sermons, or Sermons upon political occasions. The preachers of them seem for the most part, to be so solicitous to say all that is proper, and loyal, and patriotic, and so anxious to avoid every thing in the least approaching to a contrary tendency, that they do not allow themselves to carry any independence of thought, or any adequate warmth of feeling into the subject, and cannot be expected, therefore, to produce compositions of a deeply impressive or instructive nature. The five or six well-known passages of Scripture most obviously applicable to such occasions, may at once be safely fixed upon as forming the texts of nine-tenths of these Sermons; and as for the materials of the Discourse, it might be amusing to ascertain, in how many Buonaparte is represented as the Nabuchadonosor of the Prophet, and his atrocities, magnified to the utmost, and exhibited principally in the light of personal or rather national injury, are made the chief theme of declamation; while our country is complacently eulogized and felicitated as a nation not less religious than favoured of the Lord, our rulers righteousness, and the people peace.

So long, however, as Fast Days and Thanksgiving Days are observed by the nation, it is much to be regretted that the opportunity is not more competently improved, for impressing on the minds of the people, by this medium, sentiments at once rational and devout;—for reminding them of those principles, the basis and security of all that is venerable and valuable in their establishments, which, in alliance with religious fear and social charity, it should be the object of every friend to his country to diffuse, as forming the character of the free subject and the Christian politician. Unfortunately, on no subject does there exist more crude, superficial, and, of course, violently bigoted notions, than on that of politics, next to religion, the most momentous, the most constantly pressing, and the most permanently important. Even among religious people, we fear we might almost say *especially* among them, there seems to be no medium practically realized, between a fatal and an immoral servility, which induces people blindly to acquiesce in all evils legally established, in all misdemeanours sanctioned by legislative acts, and to merge their understandings and principles in the national wisdom and the national morality;—and on the other hand, a sullen, turbulent, selfish spirit of democracy, which resents, as if from personal animosity, every error, failure, or invidious act of the ministry, regards their persons with suspicion and contempt, and half loathes the success which may procure honour to the men in power. In the one class, the men are better than their prin-

principles; in the other, the principles are better than the men. The latter may be with most reason objects of deprecation or dread, as respects the present; the opinions of the former, are the most mischievous in their operation on posterity. But is there indeed no medium?—Have the principles of Milton and of Locke been so completely refuted by reason, and found so dangerous in effect, that they are henceforth to be abandoned as obsolete and disreputable notions? Is every person to be stigmatised as disloyal, or to be suspected of secret Jacobinism, who ventures to raise his voice, in the true spirit of a ‘constitutional loyalist,’ against the abuses and corruptions and flagitious acts of an administration? Or is it no longer necessary that our children should be taught, and our children’s children, how those civil and religious rights were procured which are their distinguished birthright, and which they too must hold in trust, as a sacred and unalienable deposit, to be transmitted unimpaired to their posterity?

We repeat it, that enlarged and accurate political opinions are of incalculable importance, and the spirit of independence which is connected with them, is in perfect accordance with the temper of the Gospel. We cannot have a finer exemplification of this harmonious accordance of a firm and lofty maintenance of civil rights with a peaceful and courteous deference to constituted authorities, than in the character of St. Paul himself. But in no respect is the evil of either of those dispositions which we have endeavoured to expose, more conspicuously manifested, than in the tendency which there is in those of either party, to be taken off from the consideration of the Supreme Agent, the counsels of whose will all inferior instruments and all events are intelligently or blindly concurring to work, and to expend in self-gratulation or in the applause of second causes, those feelings which should be employed in deeper and humbler gratitude.

We have selected from the numerous publications to which the late happy and glorious events have furnished occasion, a few of the most prominent. Some of them contain sentiments which cannot be perused without sincere pleasure and satisfaction; but no one of them appeared to us to require a separate article, as being possessed of very distinguishing merit.

1. *The Lesson of our Times*, a Sermon, preached in the parish church of St. Martin, Leicester, on Thursday, July 7, being the day of General Thanksgiving for Peace. By the Rev. Edw. Thos. Vaughan, M. A. Vicar of St. Martin and All Saints, Leicester, &c. 8vo. price 1s. Hatchard. 1814.

Mr. Vaughan’s text is Daniel iv. 17. “This matter is by the decree of the Watchers,” which he explains agreeably to Bishop Horsley’s learned and admirable exposition. The Sermon commences with the following anecdote,

‘ It is recorded of a certain gallant cavalier, who had acted a signal part in the war of the *great rebellion*, and who at length died fighting by the side of his King ; that when alone, and pacing about his chamber, he was frequently heard to ingeminate the word, Peace ! “ Peace ! ” said he, “ dear Peace ! when shall we know thee again ? ”

There is so little force or propriety in this anecdote, that we really cannot help suspecting it was brought in, for the mere sake of the words ‘ gallant cavalier,’ ‘ the side of his king,’ and ‘ the great rebellion,’—words of mystical association in the minds of some people, but very impertinent on such an occasion. We say this with no disrespectful feeling towards Mr. Vaughan, who is a man of distinguished talents and piety. The discourse itself is of a very superior description. Such passages as the following are of rare occurrence in Sermons of this class.

‘ Here therefore I must be allowed to take up my word of inquiry : and solemnly to charge it upon you, as one of the urgent duties of this day, that you ascertain, whether you be *obedient believers* of the Gospel of Jesus Christ ? It is to put this question as earnestly as I can, that I have eagerly waited for this day. “ Peradventure,” said I, “ they will hear me on this day. It may be I shall get to their consciences, and they will search them at my bidding.” O ! search them, dear brethren ! search them ; it is for your life. You may be generous men ; you may be just men ; you may be loyal subjects, excellent citizens, kind-hearted neighbours, tender parents, husbands, masters, sons ; but NOT true Christians. You may “ do many things ” which Christ has said, yet not BELIEVE in him “ with your whole heart ; ” and so, be in reality far from him. Nay, you may assist others to win Christ, and be found in him ; yet not be found in him yourselves. Now if you be not found in him by a living faith, it matters not what your profession, or your character amongst men may be : “ you are yet in your sins ; ” “ as a heathen man and a publican ; ” an “ Anathema, Maran-atha.” O then ascertain this fact ! And if you have not yet repented unto life, now, without delay, seek this repentance ; study, pray, watch, be sober ; that you may “ be created anew in Christ Jesus : ” “ born again ; ” “ born from above ; ” “ born of the Spirit ; ” and so be made very and acceptable believers in the name of the only begotten Son of God, and partakers of his kingdom and of his righteousness !—You that have been so “ born,” rejoice, improve, hold-fast, stir up, and put forth the gift that is in you ! ” pp. 32—33.

The conclusion of the Sermon is very solemn and energetic.

2. *Light shining out of Darkness*, &c. &c. By Thomas Scott, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, price 1s. Seeley.

The name of the venerable rector of Aston Sandford, always excites in the reader emotions of affectionate respect. The Sermon, which he has founded on the 1st verse of the xcii. Psalm,

is one of the most interesting to which the occasion has given birth, and deserves to be read with attention. We have particular pleasure in transcribing the following extract.

'We have indeed very great reason for thankfulness and joyful praise, that, however the Slave-trade may revive, and with whatever dreadful cruelties it may be prosecuted, it is no longer the *national* sin of Britain. It may, and probably it will, bring deep and indelible disgrace on us from men; that, at such a crisis, the opportunity of procuring a general engagement for abolishing it, an opportunity scarcely ever again to be expected, it was (to say no more) so *heedlessly* renounced, and suffered to pass by unimproved. Men will consider *that* as a *national act*, which was done by the individuals entrusted with our *national* concerns, in this most important treaty. But God will not judge it to be a *national sin*, nor need we fear his judgments on that account.'

'The article in the treaty, which we deplore, is not the act of the nation, or of the Parliament; but simply of the executive power; and, whatever degree of blame belongs to it (for on that I decide not), the whole attaches there.' pp. 23, 4.

3. A Sermon of Thanksgiving on the late Peace: from Psalm lxxvi. 10. By Melville Horne, Lecturer of Marazion. Price 1s. Seeley.

This is, really, a strange production. We looked for something rather more sober and practical from so excellent a man as Mr. Horne, but he is carried away by his subject far beyond the confines of plain prose and rationality. The whole sermon is in the style of an illuminated transparency. We must prove our words, and we do it with reluctance.

'It is not in the character of Englishmen, in the nature of man, to contemplate this NEW HEAVEN AND NEW EARTH with silent apathy. The blind see the arm of the Lord; the dumb praise him. The length and breadth of the land exhibit one blaze of joyful light, and France herself has kindled her rival fires. But we are called upon for nobler praise; for illuminations of the spirit; for rational gratitude and love. The pious example is given by Princes, who now bow before him, *by whom Kings reign*. Nobles, Senators, and Judges worship at his footstool. From the Baltic to the Mediterranean, nations are bowed before him, as the heart of one man. Vanquishers and vanquished vie in the work of praise. *Earth cannot contain the joy*. It ascends, and *adds to the felicity of Heaven*. Prophets and Apostles lead the thankful choir of the Triumphant Church, *while Ministering Angels accord their immortal lyres*. Nor is there apathy in the God of Love: He rejoiceth in the blessedness he communicates, and in the praise which he inspires.' pp. 4, 5.

4. "The Kingdom of God," a Sermon, &c. By the Rev. Joseph Maude, M. A. price 1s. Longman and Co..

This is a very sensible and appropriate sermon, designed to illustrate the prophecy in Daniel ii. 44, with an application in behalf of the Naval and Military Bible Society. We regret

that we have no room left for further extracts. Our limits will only allow us to transcribe the titles of the following Discourses. The first three are also by clergymen of the Establishment.

5. 'England's Mercies and Duties,' a Sermon preached at Little Bolton, Lancashire, April 17, 1814, on the occasion of the deliverance of Europe from tyranny and oppression; and of the prospect, now happily afforded, of an immediate, permanent, and honourable Peace. (From 1 Sam. xii. 24.) By the Rev. W. Thistlethwaite, M. A. Minister, price 1s. Seeley.

6. 'England's Glory and Duty,' a Sermon preached at the parish church of St. Crux in the city of York, July 7, 1814. By John Overton, M. A. Rector of St. Crux and of St. Margaret. (Deut. xxvi. 19.) price 1s. Cradock and Joy, London.

7. Two Sermons, preached at St. James's church, Nottingham, July 7, 1814. By Joseph Jones, M. A. (From Isaiah xiv. 7, and Micah iv. 4 and 5). price 2s. Hatchard.

8. 'The Downfal of Napoleon and the Deliverance of Europe improved: a Sermon, preached in Cliff-Lane chapel, Whitby, July 7, 1804. By George Young (Isaiah xiv. 16, 17). price 1s. 6d. Baynes.

9. A Funeral Sermon, on the Downfal of Buonaparte's Dynasty; a Discourse preached July 7, 1814. (Isaiah xiv. 4. 16, 17). London. Underwood.

ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if consistent with its plan.*

In the course of the present year will be published, in one volume 8vo. very neatly printed on fine wove paper, Ancient Scottish Poems, published from the MS. of George Bannatyne. 1568.

The singular scarcity of this volume of Poems, selected from a voluminous miscellany, compiled by George Bannatyne, in 1568, and edited by the celebrated Lord Hailes, might be deemed

a sufficient apology for its republication, had it no other merit; but it has higher and more substantial claims to notice. At the head of this collection stands the name of the great poet William Dunbar, one of the greatest geniuses that Scotland has produced, whose brilliancy of colouring, minuteness of description, and knowledge of life and of human nature, is little inferior to Chaucer. To the Poems of Dunbar succeed several by Robert Henryson, of which the pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne is the most interesting. Several Poems follow by Stewart, Patrick Johnstone, Kennedy, and others, and the ballads of Alexander Scott, who has been termed by Pinkerton, without extravagant praise, the Anacreon of Scotch Poetry. For a long account of this elegant and matchless little volume see *Censura Literaria*, vol. 5. As this reprint will be scrupulously limited to Two Hundred Copies, gentlemen desirous of possessing it, are requested to be early in sending their names.

Mr. Maddock, barrister, has in considerable forwardness, the *Principles and Practice of the Court of Chancery*, in 2 large octavo volumes.

Mr. James, of Wells-street, will speedily publish a *Treatise on the Principles of Projection*, the projections of the sphere, and the construction of maps, illustrated by 18 plates of diagrams.

Mr. Leigh Hunt has in the press, the *Descent of Liberty*; a mask, in allusion to the close of the war.

A *Short Excursion in France, 1814*, with engravings of the *Venus de Medicis* and *Apollo Belvidere*, is nearly ready for publication.

A *Memor of the Expedition employed in the Conquest of Java*, with a Survey of the Islands forming the Oriental Archipelago, is in the press, illustrated by 34 maps and views.

Dr. Trotter, of Newcastle, is preparing for the press, *Reflections on the Diseases of the Poor for the last Ten Years*; being a summary of the cases of upwards of 3000 patients who have received his gratuitous advice.

Mr. John Craig will soon publish, in 4to. a *Brief Survey of Holy Island, the Farn Islands, and the Adjacent Coast*

of Northumberland, illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. C. Wellbeloved, of York, is preparing an edition of the Holy Bible, with notes, critical, moral, and devotional, which is intended to be published in parts.

Mr. James White, of Exeter, has a fourth volume of his *Treatise on Veterinary Medicine*, nearly ready for publication.

A *Treatise on the Abuses of the Law* is in the press; principally tending to show that the arrest on mesne process is equally oppressive on the plaintiff as the defendant, and the necessity of establishing some court, in which a tradesman can recover a small debt.

Mr. Watkins is engaged on a new edition, with great additions, of his *Treatise on Copyholds*, which will be printed in 2 royal 8vo. volumes.

A new edition of *Byron's Miscellaneous Poems*, in 2 8vo. volumes, is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Jamieson is preparing a new edition of the *Life of King Robert Bruce*, by John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen; and of the *Acts and Deeds of Sir William Wallace*, by Henry the Minstrel; from the MS. of both in the *Advocates' Library*, with biographical sketches, notes, and a glossary.

Miss Starke's *Letters from Italy*, with considerable additions, are now in the press.

N. Jickling, Esq. barrister, is preparing a *Digest of the Custom Laws*, to be printed in a 4to. volume.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo. illustrated by plates, by Lowry, *Systematic Education, or Elementary Instruction in the various Departments of Literature and Science, with Practical Rules for studying each Branch of Useful Knowledge*. By the Rev. W. Shepherd, the Rev. Lant Carpenter, LL. D. and the Rev. J. Joyce.

In the Press, A new *Dictionary of all Religions*; comprising the substance of Hannah Adams's celebrated *View of Religions*, &c. with much original matter, revised and corrected to the present time. To which will be prefixed, Mr Fuller's valuable *Essay on Truth*; the whole to be comprised in 1 volume, 12mo.

A New Edition, (the third) of *Help to Zion's Travellers*; being an attempt to remove various Stumbling Blocks out of the way, relating to Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical Religion. By the late Robert Hall, of Ayraby. In the Press, Post Roads in France, with the various Roads to the principal Cities in Europe; being a Translation of the *Etat des Postes*, published by order of Louis XVIII. a work of great importance to all persons who visit the Continent.

Speedily will be published, a second edition enlarged, of the Rev. W. Vowles's Sermon, entitled, *The Question of Apparitions and Supernatural Voices considered*; occasioned by the extraordinary circumstances which followed the death of Ann Taylor, of Tiverton, Devon.

A new edition of the Rev. D. Jennings's much esteemed Sermons for young people, may be expected in a few days.

In the press and shortly will be published, a new edition of Baxter's *Dialogues*, on personal and family religion, abridged by Fawcett.

A second edition of a *Syllabus of Christian Doctrines and Duties*, in the Catechetical form, by the late Rev. S. Newton, of Norwich; is nearly ready.

A life of Philip Melancthon, the intimate friend and distinguished coadjutor of Martin Luther, is preparing for the press by the Rev. Francis Augustus Cox, A. M. of Hackney, and may be expected early in the ensuing winter.

Historical Sketches of the House of Romanoff, the reigning family of Russia, with a brief account of the present state of that empire, by the Rev. W. Anderson; is in the press.

Letters from Albion to a friend on the Continent, written by a foreign nobleman to his friend, in the years 1810, 11, 12, and 13, may be expected in the ensuing month.

A *Dictionary of Religious Opinions*, or a brief account of the various denominations, into which the profession of Christianity is divided, alphabetically arranged; has been sent to the press, by Mr. Jones, author of the *History of the Waldenses*.

A Narrative of the Travels of the Rev.

John Campbell in South Africa, at the request of the Missionary Society, to promote the knowledge of Christianity among the Hottentots, is in the press.

* * * Mr. Campbell visited some tribes of the Africans who had never seen an European, and crossed the Peninsula from East to West, nearly in the course of the great Orange river. He had also the felicity of discovering the junction of several rivers before unknown. The work is expected to be comprised in one large octavo volume, and to be published about Christmas next.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume, 12mo. by Button and Son, Paternoster-row; and Williams and Son, Stationer's-court; A *Dictionary of all Religions and religious Denominations*; including the whole substance of Hannah Adams's *View of Religions reduced to one Alphabet*, with her introduction, and a great number of additional articles, including all the new sects, &c. The whole carefully corrected and revised, by T. Williams, author of the *Age of Infidelity*, A New Translation of Solomon's Song, *Historic Defence of Experimental Religion*, &c. To this work alone is prefixed, *An Essay on Truth*: its importance, — causes of error, — reasons of its permission, &c. By Andrew Fuller.

Mrs. Adams's Work being completely out of print, the Proprietors have been some time in preparing a new edition, with the above improvements and additions. Particular care has been taken to divest the work of all doubtful matter; and, by the introduction of new articles, to make it as complete and interesting as possible within the compass of a single volume. The authorities have been carefully examined; and some articles which, in the former edition, were carried to a disproportionate length, have been abridged to make room for others. The editor has endeavoured to confine himself to a faithful and candid statement of the sentiments of every sect and party, without that indifferency to sacred and scriptural truth, which has justly been objected to in other publications in some measure similar.

The Rev. T. Morell, of St. Neots, has in the press the second volume of *Studies*

in History, which will contain the History of Rome, from its earliest records, to the death of Constantine, in a series of Essays, accompanied with moral and religious reflections, references to original authorities and historical questions which are so constructed as to include the substance of each essay.

He has also just published in a duodecimo form, adapted to the use of families and schools, a new and improved edition of the History of Greece executed upon a similar plan, with the addition of a correct map of ancient Greece.

Art. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

A General View of the Agriculture of the Orkney Islands; with observations on the means of their improvement; drawn up for the consideration of the Board of Agriculture. By John Shirreff, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

The first volume of *Poetæ Minores Græci, Præcipua Lectionis varietate et Indicibus Locupletissimis instruxit Thomas Gaisford, A. M. Ædis Christi Alumnus, necnon Græcæ Linguae Professor Regius.* From the Clarendon Press, 8vo. 15s. sheets.

EDUCATION.

A Practical View of Christian Education in its early stages, 12mo. 5s. boards.

New Orthographical Exercises, with the correct Orthoepey of every Word, according to the most approved modern usage, for the use of foreigners and schools in general. By Alexander Power, Master of the Commercial Academy, Ashford, Kent, 12mo. 2s. bound.

Five Hundred Questions, deduced from the Abridgement of Goldsmith's History of Rome: to which is prefixed a brief Sketch of the Roman Polity, and of the principal constituted authorities of the Romans, in the most flourishing times of the Commonwealth, and a Table of the Roman Emperors, together with a Chronological Table of the most celebrated Roman Authors, and an account of most particular works, by J. Gorton, 18mo. 1s.

Clef, ou Themes Traduits de la

Grammaire de Nicolas Hamel, d'après l'Edition stéréotype, 12mo. 3s. bound.

Introductory Latin Exercises to those of Clarke, Ellis, and Turner; designed for the younger classes of learners, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bound.

Original Letters of Advice, to a young Lady. On Education. On Happiness. On Christian Faith. Beauties of the Scriptures. The Folly of useless words exposed. On Telemachus, Chariy, &c. &c. By the author of the Polite Reasoner, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bound.

Juvenile Arithmetic; or a Child's Guide to Figures, being an easy introduction to Joyce's Arithmetic, and various others now in use, 18mo. 1s.

The Elements of English Spelling, accompanied by a variety of Reading Lessons, designed for the use of junior pupils. By John Gordon, 18mo. 1s.

HISTORY.

A Historical View of the State of the Protestant Dissenters in England, and of the Progress of Free Inquiry and Religious Liberty, from the Revolution to the accession of Queen Anne. By Joshua Toulmin, D.D. 8vo. 12s.

An Abridgement of the History of Rome. By Velleius Paterculus. Translated from the original, by George Baker, A. M. The Translator of Livy, 8vo. 8s. boards.

An Entire Course of Roman History, comprising Hooke's History, and Gibbons's Decline and Fall. In weekly numbers. No. 1. price 1s.

LAW.

A Treatise on Criminal Pleading, with precedents of Indictments, Special

Pleas, &c. adapted to practice. By Thomas Starkie, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. boards.

The second volume of the Origin, Progress, and Present Practice of the Bankrupt Law, both in England and Ireland. By Edward Christian, of Gray's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law, a commissioner of Bankrupt, and professor of the laws of England, 8vo. 11. 2s. boards.

Volume I, Part I (to be continued) of Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of Exchequer, Easter and Trinity Terms, 54 Geo. III. and the Sittings after. By George Price, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. royal 8vo. sewed.

An Analysis, arranged to serve also as a compendious Digested Index of Mr. Fearne's Essay on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises, and of Mr. Butler's Notes. By Richard Holmes Coote, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

MATHEMATICS.

The Doctrine of Chances; or, the Theory of Gaming, made easy to every person acquainted with common Arithmetic, so as to enable them to calculate the Probabilities of Events in Lotteries, Cards, Horse-racing, Dice, &c. &c. With Tables of Chance never before published, which from mere inspection will solve a great variety of interesting questions. By William Rouse, 8vo. 15s. boards.

MECHANICS.

The Miscellaneous Papers of John Smeaton, Civil Engineer, &c. F. R. S. communicated to the Royal Society: printed in the Philosophical Transactions; and comprising his Treatise on Mills, forming a fourth volume to his Reports, with twelve engravings, 4to. 11s. 6d. boards.

MEDICINE.

Observations on Pulmonary Consumption, by Henry Herbert Southey, M. D. 8vo. 7s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Waverley; or, "Tis Sixty Years hence." A Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s. boards.

An Olio of Anecdotes and Memoirs, by William Davis, 12mo. 5s. boards.

Brown's Principles of Practical Perspective. Part II. with 12 curious engravings, price 10s. 6d.

POETRY.

Carmen Britannicum; or, the Song of Britain: written in Honour of His Royal Highness George Augustus Frederick, Prince Regent. By Edward Hovell Thurlow, Lord Thurlow, 4to. 5s. sewed.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

An Essay on Improving the Condition of the Poor; including an attempt to answer the important Question, how men of landed property can most effectually contribute towards the general improvement of the lower classes of society on their estates, without diminishing the value of their own property; with hints on the means for employing those who are now discharged from his Majesty's Service; most respectfully dedicated to the Land Owners of the United Kingdom. By Thomas Myers, A. M. of the Royal Academy, Woolwich, Price 3s. 6d.

Considerations sur Genève, dans ses Rapports avec l'Angleterre et les Etats Protestants. Suivies d'un Discours prononcé a Genève sur la Philosophie d'Histoire. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, 8vo. 4s. sewed.

THEOLOGY.

Select Nonconformists' Remains; being Original Sermons of Oliver Heywood, Thomas Jollie, Henry Newcome, and Henry Rendlebury, selected from manuscripts; with memoirs of the authors, compiled mostly from their private papers. By Richard Slate, 12mo. 6s. boards.—8vo. 10s. 6d.

Tracts on the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and on the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, by Bishops Stillingfleet and Bull, Dr. Wallis, Lord Monboddo, and Dr. Horbery; with a Disquisition on Rational Christianity, by Soame Jenyns, Esq. To which is prefixed, an Introduction to the Doctrine of the Trinity and the Athanasian Creed. By the Rev. Thomas Burgess, D. D. F. R. S. & F. A. S. Bishop of St. David. 8vo. 4s. boards.

Serious Thoughts on the Fall and Restoration of Man; with some Remarks on the Doctrines of Predestination and Original Sin. By Aquila. 12mo. 1s.

A Comparative view of the Churches of Rome and England. By Herbert Marsh, D. D. F. R. S. Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Evangelical Christianity Considered, and shown to be synonymous with Unitarianism; in a Course of Lectures on some of the most controverted points of Christian Doctrine: addressed to Unitarians. By John Grundy, one of the ministers of the Congregation assembling in the Chapel in Cross-street, Manchester, 2 vol. 8vo. 11. 4s. boards.

Short Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, chiefly designed for the Use of Country Villages. By Isaac Mann, with a recommendatory preface by the Rev. J. Fawcett, of Hebden Bridge, and the Rev. W. Steadman, of Bradford, 2s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Journal of a Voyage in 1811 and 1812 to Madras and China, returning

by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena in the H. C. S. the Hope, Capt. James Pendergrass. By James Wathen, illustrated by 24 beautifully coloured prints from drawings by the Author, 4to, 3l. 3s. boards.

A Translation of the first two volumes of the Relation Historique, under the Title of Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799—1804, accompanied by the whole of the Text of the Atlas Pittoresque, and a Selection of Plates by M. de Humboldt: forming two volumes, under the title of Researches on the Institutions and Monuments of the ancient inhabitants of America, &c. &c. By Helen Maria Williams, under the immediate inspection of the Author, illustrated by plates, some of which are coloured, 4 vol. 8vo, 2l. 12s. 6d. boards.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a Letter from the Rev. Edw. Griffin, A. B. Curate of St. Nicholas's, Nottingham, disavowing his being the Translator of Archbishop San-croft's *Fur Predestinatus*. We lose no time in correcting the mistake.

In our last Number the price of 'A Sketch from Nature,' a Rural Poem, was erroneously stated to be 4s. instead of 2s.